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A Book *of* Days

A Book of Days

*Being a Briefcase packed for his
own Pleasure by CHRISTOPHER
MORLEY & made into a Calendar
for sundry Paramours of Print*



PUBLISHED (appropriately enough)

by THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

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“**R**UIN hath taught me thus to ruminate,” says the 64th sonnet. For reasons of my own I began to look more closely at the calendar. This small breviary (or reticulum) was a quite secret pleasure, an attempt to preserve some flashes of phosphorescence seen on dark nights. A net seines up some silver minnows and satirical crabs, but however finely woven it lets most of the spangle slip through.

Changing the figure of speech, I fear that in these extracts I have sometimes trodden without permission on the green turf of copyright, but the trespass is modest. As Captain Marryat's servant-girl said, apologizing for her uncertified infant, it was such a little one.

This calendar must always associate in my mind with a certain Lorenzo, also Magnificent, in whose pleasant inn on Chambers Street the appropriately named publisher was inflamed with the notion of putting so private an almanac into public print.

May, 1930.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Book *of* Days

Whatever be thy Inclination or Aversion, Practice or Duty, thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy Advantage. Accept and Improve what deserves thy Notice; the rest excuse, and place to account of good Will to Thee and the whole Creation of God.

—WILLIAM PENN, Preface to
Some Fruits of Solitude

JAN.

I

THU.

This blood-chilling and mysterious uproar was caused, not by the moans of a lost world falling down through inconceivable spaces to Gehenna, but by a million tin horns which the two million people of New York City considered to be a suitable welcome for the New Year. It was the apotheosis of Manhattan; it was a skyscraper of sound. It was the expression of a primal and singularly innocent joy, the joy of a young nation on beholding a New Year.

—WILLIAM MCFEE, *Aliens* (1914)

JAN.

2

FRI.

Every man naturally persuades himself that he can keep his resolutions, nor is he convinced of his imbecility but by length of time and frequency of experiment. They whom frequent failures have made desperate, cease to form resolutions: and they who are become cunning, do not tell them.

—DR. JOHNSON, *Prayers and Meditations*

JAN.

3

SAT.

If I had any advice to give, it would be not to cash any checks whatever, if it is possible to avoid doing so. Where there is a large number of checks cashed, there will be some trouble, if not actual loss, connected with the collections. In cashing checks, you should also have your wits about you, be as calm and collected as a bank official, examine the check, back and front, and see that it is perfectly drawn. Do not keep checks in your possession a minute longer than possible.

—HARRY JOHNSON'S *Bartenders' Manual*

JAN.

4

SUN.

Here and elsewhere the reader is earnestly implored to resist the vice of collecting “definitions” of this and that and the other, as if anyone but a fool imagined that he could compress a thing like art or religion or science into an epigram which could be lifted from its context and, so lifted, continue to make sense.

—R. G. COLLINGWOOD, *Speculum Mentis*
(1924)

JAN.

5

MON.

The world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and largely among civilized people.

Virtue knows that it is impossible to get on without compromise, and tunes herself, as it were, a trifle sharp to allow for an inevitable fall in playing.

SAMUEL BUTLER, *Notebooks*

JAN.

6

TUE.

MULLED CIDER: Late at night, when the faculty have retired, pour a pint of cider into a stone mug or pitcher: insert the mulling iron in the hearthfire and while it is heating add one-half cup of sugar to the cider, also a piece of butter the size of an English walnut, mace enough to cover the point of a knife, and as much brandy as can be obtained.

—*Recipe Current at Princeton in the
Class of '61*

JAN.

7

WED.

What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend
the better part of life in! In scattering compliments,
tendering visits, gathering and venting news, follow-
ing feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a
dark corner.

—BEN JONSON, *Sylva (or, Discoveries
Made upon Men and Matter)*

JAN.

8

THU.

It were endless to dispute upon everything that is disputable.

—WILLIAM PENN, *Fruits of Solitude*

JAN.

9

FRI.

What we call Progress is the exchange of one Nuisance for another Nuisance.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS, *Impressions and
Comments*

JAN.

IO

SAT.

So rapid are the changes that take place in people's notions of what is decorous that not only has the word *smock* for a lady's garment been displaced since that time by the word *shift*, but even that harmless expression has been set aside in favour of the French word *chemise*; and at length not even this word, it seems, is to be mentioned, nor the garment itself alluded to, by any decent writer.

—*Autobiography of* LEIGH HUNT, 1859

JAN.

II

SUN.

Infancy is not what it is cracked up to be. Children, not knowing that they are having an easy time, have a good many hard times. Growing and learning and obeying the rules of their elders, or fighting against them, are not easy things to do. Adolescence is certainly far from a uniformly pleasant period. Early manhood might be the most glorious time of all were it not that the sheer excess of life and vigor gets a fellow into continual scrapes. Of middle age the best that can be said is that a middle-aged person has likely learned how to have a little fun in spite of his troubles.

—DON MARQUIS, *The Almost Perfect State*

JAN.

12

MON.

Lest we be forgotten in your country, wherein the laws have forbidden a business which we still, in England, hold to be an honest and an honourable one, we send you herein a copy of our Export Price List.

To us it seems as though this extra commandment which has been added to the decalogue, lacking divine authority, will not always endure. And so we hope that, some day, the laws of your country will suffer wine at least to enter your Ports, so that Alcohol as an intoxicant may be replaced by Alcohol in its harmless—nay, healthful—beverage form.

—*Letter from a London wine merchant, 1928*

JAN.

13

TUE.

Satire is a lonely and introspective occupation, for nobody can describe a fool to the life without much patient self-inspection.

—FRANK MOORE COLBY, *Simple Simon*

JAN.

14

WED.

The wise man gratifies every appetite and every passion, while the fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

Wisdom, in short, whose lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her school, only teaches us a simple maxim. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

—HENRY FIELDING, *The History of Tom Jones*

JAN.

15

THU.

Edwards, Book Collector, desired his coffin to be made out of some of the strong shelves of his library.

—CHARLES LAMB'S *Scrapbook*

JAN.

16

FRI.

Do not permit yourself to fall into any unrefined habits in the use of the handkerchief, etc. Boring the ears with the fingers, chafing the limbs, sneezing with unnecessary sonorousness, and even a too fond and ceaseless caressing of the moustache, are in bad taste.

—*The American Gentleman's Guide
to Politeness* (1857)

JAN.

17

SAT.

Once I saw upon an object-glass,
Martyred underneath a microscope,
One elaborate snow-flake slowly pass,
Dying hard, beyond the reach of hope.

Still from shape to shape the crystal changed,
Writhing in its agony; and still,
Less and less elaborate, arranged
Potently the angle of its will.

Tortured to a simple final form,
Angles six and six divergent beams,
Lo, in death it touched the perfect norm,
Verifying all its crystal dreams.

—JOHN DAVIDSON, *Snow*

JAN.

18

SUN.

All one's work might have been better done; but this is the sort of reflection a worker must put aside courageously if he doesn't mean every one of his conceptions to remain for ever a private vision, an evanescent reverie.

—JOSEPH CONRAD, *Notes on My Books*

JAN.

19

MON.

The flute is not an instrument which has a good moral effect; it is too exciting. The proper time for using it is when the performance aims not at instruction, but at the relief of the passions.

—ARISTOTLE, *Politics*

JAN. 20 TUE.

If ceremonies due they did aright:
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

—JOHN KEATS, *The Eve of St. Agnes*

JAN.

21

WED.

An excellent monument might be erected to the Unknown Stockholder. It might take the form of a solid stone ark of faith apparently floating in a pool of water.

—FELIX RIESENBERG, *P.A.L.*

JAN.

22

THU.

There is an Australian bird which builds, as its nest, a big cabin where it spreads all the shining pebbles it finds. The male, amid the mosaic, dances a grave minuet before his troubled companion. This is art surprised at its obscure birth—at the very moment of its intimate association with the expansion of the genital instinct. A red pebble gives an emotion to a bird, and this emotion heightens its desire. Such is the social rôle of art.

It is for each man to procure himself the emotion he needs, and the morality which suits him.

—REMY DE GOURMONT, *Decadence* (translated by William Aspenwall Bradley)

JAN.

23

FRI.

A great side hill sheltered from the wind; the absolute grace of the falling snow. It is like a deep comfort and completeness of loving—deeper and below the pain of anguish and the pain of ecstasy. One of Nature's protective resources with which she endows the stupid weak. We are not allowed to concentrate. We become filled with desire so that a restless uncertainty of joy displaces a triumphant sureness of despair.

—A.I.B., *Examination Book*

JAN.

24

SAT.

A man once went up in my esteem under the following circumstances. Speaking of a certain critic, I said that what I objected to in him was that his necktie was always crooked. When I went upstairs before dinner I noticed that my own necktie was conspicuously crooked. My friend had not mentioned the fact, or even hinted at it. He knew that I was bound to discover it for myself. An example of masterly self-control.

—ARNOLD BENNETT, *Things That Have Interested Me*

JAN.

25

SUN.

I cannot indeed get money immediately without appearing most scandalously indigent, which I would avoid for the future.

—RICHARD STEELE, *Letter to Prue* (1716)

JAN.

26

MON.

The works of the great poets have never yet been read by mankind, for only great poets can read them. They have only been read as the multitude read the stars. Most men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts and not be cheated in trade; but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing.

—THOREAU, *Walden*

JAN.

27

TUE.

When an actor has money, he doesn't send letters but telegrams.

—*Notebook of* ANTON CHEKHOV

JAN.

28

WED.

Thieves respect property. They merely wish the property to become their property that they may more perfectly respect it.

—G. K. CHESTERTON, *The Man Who
Was Thursday*

JAN.

29

THU.

We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which is apt to become a very bad habit. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN's *Autobiography*

JAN.

30

FRI.

I noticed while the tempest lasted that the Dean of Derry was vastly more afraid than one young lady of the company, who appeared quite serene. The Dean, tho' a fine Orator at land, was ridiculous in his fears. He screamed as loud as any of the people.

This young lady went into naked bed in her cabin before the tempest began to stir. It was not many hours till a sea struck us upon the quarter, where we shipped great quantities of water, that put us under great apprehensions of foundering, and filled so suddenly the close wooden bed in which Miss Melmoth lay, that had not I snatched her out, she must inevitably have perished. I ran up on deck with her in my arms, and laid her almost senseless and naked there. I threw my great coat over her, and got her dry cloaths from her trunk, and a large glass of brandy, which saved her life. When all was over, she protested she would never go into naked bed, on board ship, again.

—*The Life of* JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ. (1756)

JAN.

31

SAT.

He who first praises a book becomingly, is next in merit to the author.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

FEB.

I

SUN.

Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness; we see it in fencers, in players, in poets, in preachers, in all where fame promiseth any thing; so it be new, though never so naught and depraved, they run to it, and are taken.

—BEN JONSON, *Sylva*

FEB.

2

MON.

. . . And that dark sea that takes the dying
Kindles along its coasts to flame
For thousand thousand voices crying
The exaltation of your name.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT,
The Name of Love

FEB.

3

TUE.

Here, more than anywhere else in the world, the daily panorama of human existence—the unending procession of governmental extortions and chicaneries, of commercial brigandages and throat-slittings, of theological buffooneries, of æsthetic ribaldries, or legal swindles and harlotries—is so inordinately extravagant, so perfectly brought up to the highest conceivable amperage, that only the man who was born with a petrified diaphragm can fail to go to bed every night grinning from ear to ear, and awake every morning with the eager, unflagging expectations of a Sunday-school superintendent touring the Paris peep-shows.

—H. L. MENCKEN, *On Living in the
United States*

FEB.

4

WED.

Long is the night to him who is awake, long is a mile to him who is tired, long is the way of transmigration to the foolish who do not know the true doctrine.

—SUBHADRA BHIKSHU, *A Buddhist Catechism*

FEB.

5

THU.

A trouble is a trouble, and the general idea, in the country, is to treat it as such, rather than to snatch the knotted cords from the hand of God and deal out murderous blows.

—WILLIAM MCFEE, *Casuals of the Sea*

FEB.

6

FRI.

An open mind is all very well in its way, but it ought not to be so open that there is no keeping anything in or out of it. It should be capable of shutting its doors sometimes, or it may be found a little draughty.

—SAMUEL BUTLER, *Notebooks*

FEB.

7

SAT.

What is happiness, anyhow? Is this one of its hours—so impalpable—a mere breath, an evanescent tinge? I am not sure—so let me give myself the benefit of the doubt. Hast Thou, pellucid, in Thy azure depths, medicine for case like mine?

—WALT WHITMAN, *Specimen Days*

FEB.

8

SUN.

It is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor; for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety, and exceedingly disguised; and it is when they are drinking that men display themselves in their true complexion of character. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; whereas opium seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted.

—DE QUINCEY, *Confessions of an
English Opium-Eater*

FEB.

9

MON.

I love the prose that comes towards me like a man, with sparkling eyes, with a loud voice, breathing hard and with great gestures of the hands. I want to hear the writer laugh and cry in it, to hear him whisper and shout, to feel him sigh and pant. I want his language to loom up before me like a tangible and resounding organism; I want him, when I read him in my room, to reveal to me a spirit that enters into me and seems to ascend within me from out of his pages.

—LODEWIJK VAN DEIJSEL (translated from
the Dutch by Alexander de Mattos)

FEB.

10

TUE.

My deliberate opinion is that no woman should ever exceed two glasses of wine daily—sherry as a rule, being the best for the purpose. Beyond that amount, wine becomes a slow and insidious poison. Wine beyond two glasses gives false strength—excitement; or, in other words, debility and prostration—chronic ill health and hysteria!

—PYE HENRY CHAVASSE, M.D., *Advice
to a Wife* (1877)

FEB.

II

WED.

The legislator should not allow youth to be hearers of satirical Iambic verses or spectators of comedy until they are of an age to sit at the public tables and to drink strong wine; by that time education will have armed them against the evil influences of such representations.

—ARISTOTLE, *Politics* (translated by Jowett)

FEB.

12

THU.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

—EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, *Lincoln*

FEB.

13

FRI.

North America is noted for the largest lakes of fresh water in the world, and as being the home of the oppressed of all nations.

—*The Poetical Geography* (Cincinnati, 1851)

FEB.

14

SAT.

Ere the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there
(As they did in Watts's hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake, and think of you.

—C. S. CALVERLEY, *Lines Suggested by
the 14th of February*

FEB.

15

SUN.

I shall read a passage of Shakespeare every Sunday at ten o'clock—you read one at the same time, and we shall be as near each other as blind bodies can be in the same room.

—JOHN KEATS, *Letter to George Keats*

FEB.

16

MON.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

But be not mortally angry with any for a venial fault. He will make a strange combustion in the state of his soul, who at the landing of every cockboat sets the beacons on fire.

—THOMAS FULLER, *The Holy State* (1642)

FEB.

17

TUE.

In the degree in which I have been privileged to know the intimate secrets of hearts, I ever more realize how great a part is played in the lives of men and women by some little concealed germ of abnormality.

For the most part they are occupied in the task of stifling and crushing those germs, treating them like weeds in their gardens. There is another and better way, even though more difficult and more perilous. Instead of trying to suppress the weeds that can never be killed, they may be cultivated into useful or beautiful flowers. For it is impossible to conceive any impulse in a human heart which cannot be transformed into Truth or into Beauty or into Love.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS, *Impressions
and Comments*

FEB.

18

WED.

I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*

FEB.

19

THU.

One morning after a beautiful snow-fall I sent a letter to a friend's house about something I wished to say, but said nothing at all about the snow. And in his reply he wrote, "How can I listen to a man so base that his pen in writing did not make the least reference to the snow. Your honorable way of expressing yourself I exceedingly regret."

—*The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest*
(1914)

FEB. 20 FRI.

It has been my fortune to love in general those men most who have thought most differently from me, on subjects wherein others pardon no discordance. I think I have no more right to be angry with a man, whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Siena, and who writes to me that he likes the place.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

FEB.

21

SAT.

NEW YORK

Greater than London, greater than Paris, greater than Chicago. City of odalisques working in stores, of seraglios seeking for sultans, of tired old women scrubbing offices by night.

City wrought in flame. City of arguments unending. City of terminals, city of endings, of entries and clearances, city of the last attempt. City wherein no one knows whether he is coming or going.

City kind to actresses; tolerant of actors; city of independent handmaidens. City of arrogant servants. City that stands at its meals and sits at its labor. City of contraceptions, contraptions, and curses thundered from a thousand pulpits. City of unfortunate fortune tellers. City of uncomfortable comfort stations. Fairy city in those magic hours of the passing night; the pause before the dawn.

City worth visiting, if only for a week.

—FELIX RIESENBERG, *East Side West Side*

FEB.

22

SUN.

In confidence I tell you that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit, who is going to the place of his execution; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON, before the first
Presidency (1789)

FEB.

23

MON.

Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her,
Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
It has become almost an honor
Not to be crowned.

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, *Popularity*

FEB.

24

TUE.

“Dear me,” said the Bishop. “He is of a very old family, is he not?”

“I should say so,” replied Tewksbury. “Good old Bible family. A lot of his ancestors ran violently down a steep place into the sea.”

—ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH, *The Eye
of the Harem*

FEB.

25

WED.

Prayer must never be answered: if it is, it ceases to be prayer and becomes a correspondence.

—OSCAR WILDE, reported by
Laurence Housman

FEB.

26

THU.

A female of breeding does not appoint herself with gentlemen in solitude. At least, not in Georgia. No woman could consider herself safe alone with a Southern gentleman.

—*The Blue and The Gray*

FEB.

27

FRI.

The trail, ice covered with a little snow and here and there broken through to ice or water making a pattern of large white spaces with irregular lines and holes, like heavy dutchess lace. For sounds (as Walt Whitman so often completed a description) the snow falling, each flake making its separate sound on the ground or on dry branches, and the wind in the tree tops. And the sound of a tiny stream completely under cover of ice and snow . . . also an open brook flowing by frozen banks making many strands of intricately mingled melody—bell-like trilling notes, deep gurgles, and a spinning flowing incessant song.

—A.I.B., *Examination Book*

FEB.

28

SAT.

TOM AND JERRY

Use eggs according to quantity. Go to work and take two bowls, break up your eggs very carefully, without mixing the yolks with the whites, but have the whites in a separate bowl; take an egg-beater, and beat the whites to a stiff froth; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls of sugar for each egg, and mix this thoroughly together, and then beat the yolks until they are as thin as water; mix the yolks with the whites and sugar together, until the mixture gets the consistency of a light batter.

Take 2 tablespoonfuls of the above mixture, 1 wine glass of brandy, 1 pony glass of Jamaica rum. Fill a mug with hot water or hot milk, and stir up well with a spoon, then pour the mixture from one mug to the other three or four times until thoroughly mixed, grate a little nutmeg on top, and serve.

—HARRY JOHNSON, *Bartenders' Manual*
(1882)

FEB.

29

Before dinner Dr. Johnson seized upon Mr. Charles Sheridan's *Account of the Late Revolution in Sweden*, and seemed to read it ravenously, as if he devoured it, which was to all appearance his method of studying. "He knows how to read better than anyone," (said Mrs. Knowles); "he gets at the substance of a book directly; he tears out the heart of it." He kept it wrapt up in the tablecloth in his lap during the time of dinner, from an avidity to have one entertainment in readiness when he should have finished another.

—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*

N.B.—The editor is quite aware that there is no Feb. 29 in 1931—but inserts the date because you might perhaps want to use the calendar again in 1932, which will be a Leap Year.

MAR.

I

SUN.

Do not desire to know too much—so only shall you grow to know intuitively; for the knowledge acquired by unnatural striving only leads away from Tao. Strive not to know all there is to know concerning the men and things around you, nor concerning their relations and antagonisms. Above all, seek not happiness too greedily, and be not fearful of unhappiness. . . . For one day you will realize how natural, how spontaneous are all facts of existence. Everything grows out of Tao, everything is a natural part of the great system developed from a single principle.

—LAO-TZU, *Wu Wei* ("Non-Assertion")
(version by Henri Borel)

MAR.

2

MON.

I know a Jew fish crier down on Maxwell Street.

His face is that of a man terribly glad to be selling fish, terribly glad that God made fish, and customers to whom he may call his wares from a pushcart.

—CARL SANDBURG

MAR.

3

TUE.

He who has loved and served an art is like the child that was nursed by Persephone: he is not subject to the woes of other men, for he has lain in the lap and on the bosom of a goddess.

—Quoted, without provenance, by
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

MAR.

4

WED.

THOMAS HOBBS (1588-1679)

He was 40 yeares old before he looked on geometry; which happened accidentally. Being in a gentleman's library, Euclid's Elements lay open, and twas the 47 prop., libri I. He read the proposition. "By God," sayd he, "this is impossible!" So he reads the demonstration of it, which referred him back to such a proposition; which proposition he read. That referred him back to another, which he also read. *Et sic deinceps*, that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that trueth. This made him in love with geometry.

—JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives* (1669-1696)

MAR.

5

THU.

As long as the evil deed does not bear fruit, the fool thinks it like honey; but when it ripens, then the fool suffers grief.

—SUBHADRA BHIKSHU, *A Buddhist Catechism*

MAR.

6

FRI.

Best trust the happy moments. What they gave
Makes man less fearful of the certain grave.
And gives his work compassion and new eyes.
The days that make us happy make us wise.

—JOHN MASEFIELD, *Biography*

MAR.

7

SAT.

Numbers count for nothing, when one is reckoning the audience of a poet, and Whitman's audience will, for natural reasons, be limited to those who have the intellectual and moral generosity to understand him, and will take the pains to do so. But no American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years.

—BLISS PERRY, *Walt Whitman* (1906)

MAR.

8

SUN.

The smell of the boiling maple sap is as individual a sweet as honey, for there lurks in both a quality like a reminiscence of their sources; its flavor on the tongue is a hint of saccharine secrets known to the bee, the fly, and such ephemeral creatures—too slight for our perception, too fine for our obtaining, too subtle for our blunt powers of differentiation, and at last ours only by craft and violence, the exercise of ignoble forces. The maple is perhaps the more delicate sweet of the two; it has not the cloying and bitter after-taste of honey.

—EDWARD MARTIN TABER, *Stowe Notes*

MAR.

9

MON.

The Receipts of Cookery are swell'd to a Volume,
but a good Stomach excels them all.

—WILLIAM PENN, *Fruits of Solitude*

MAR. IO TUE.

Ce qu'un autre aurait aussi bien fait que toi, ne le fais pas. Ce qu'un autre aurait aussi bien dit que toi, ne le dis pas—aussi bien écrit que toi, ne l'écris pas. Ne t'attache en toi qu'à ce que tu sens qui n'est nulle part ailleurs qu'en toi-même, et crée de toi, impatientement ou patiemment, ah! le plus irremplaçable des êtres.

—ANDRÉ GIDE, *Les Nourritures Terrestres*

MAR.

II

WED.

A woman Secretary is in attendance at all interviews between the Editors, or either of them, and lady authors. Hence it will be unnecessary for such visitors to provide themselves with either duennas or police whistles.

Suggestions to Our Visitors, leaflet issued by
H.L.M. & G.J.N. when Editors of
THE SMART SET

MAR.

I 2

THU.

Atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man.

—LORD BACON, *Of Atheism*

MAR.

13

FRI.

The manner of writing of which book (*Leviathan*) Mr. Hobbes told me was thus. He walked much and contemplated, and he had in the head of his staffe a pen and inke-horne, carried alwayes a note-booke in his pocket, and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entred it into his booke, or otherwise he might perhaps have lost it.

He contemplated and invented (set downe a hint with a pencill or so) in the morning, but compiled in the afternoon.

—JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives*

MAR.

14

SAT.

They that write of poisons, and of creatures naturally disposed to the ruin of man, do as well mention the flea as the viper, because the flea, though he kill none, he does all the harm he can.

—JOHN DONNE, *Devotions* (1624)

MAR.

15

SUN.

A "head of a family" is an individual who actually supports and maintains in one household one or more individuals who are closely connected with him by blood relationship, relationship by marriage, or by adoption, and whose right to exercise family control and provide for these dependent individuals is based upon some moral or legal obligation.

—*Instructions, U. S. Individual Income
Tax Return*

MAR.

16

MON.

A gifted small girl has explained that pins are a great means of saving life, "by not swallowing them."

—C. E. MONTAGUE, *Dramatic Values*

MAR.

17

TUE.

SHELLEY CONVERTS THE IRISH

Shelley wrote that 400 copies of the Address to the Catholics had been printed and had created a sensation of wonder in Dublin. "I stand at the balcony of our window and watch till I see a man *who looks likely*: I throw a book to him." Harriet adds: "I'm sure you would laugh were you to see us give the pamphlets. We throw them out of the window and give them to men that we pass in the streets. For myself I am ready to die of laughter when it is done, and Percy looks so grave."

—A. CLUTTON-BROCK, *Shelley*

MAR.

18

WED.

My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
And thirty thousand to the rest. . . .
BUT at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

—ANDREW MARVELL, *To His Coy Mistress*

MAR.

19

THU.

The artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain.

—JOSEPH CONRAD, Preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*

MAR. 20 FRI.

The worship of God is: Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men hate God; for there is no other God.

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *The Marriage of
Heaven and Hell*

MAR.

21

SAT.

'Tis now Spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither: I grow older, and not better; and yet I would fain be or do something; I am nothing, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. I began early, when I understood the study of our laws; but was diverted by leaving that and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages.

—JOHN DONNE, *Letters*

MAR. 22 SUN.

If I should pass the tomb of Jonah
I would stop there and sit for a while;
Because I was swallowed one time deep in the dark
And came out alive after all.

—CARL SANDBURG

MAR.

23

MON.

Summing up, we may predict the immediate future somewhat as follows: Coming into contact with the increased facilities for freedom of action, the new itch to regulate men's lives will lead to persecution and heresy-hunting. The growth of Puritanism will bring a growth in hypocrisy, a fruitful and invaluable offshoot of Puritanism. There will be an even greater disparity between men's practices and their professions than there is at present. The world, in short, will become a paradise for the average man and a hell for the exceptional one.

So much we may expect during the next fifty years. But the victory of bourgeois Puritanism will not be more than apparent.

—C. E. M. JOAD, *Thrasymachus, or The Future of Morals* (1926)

MAR.

24

TUE.

Mr. Eliot mentioned a curious liquor which the Cornish fishermen drink. They call it *Mahogany*; and it is made of two parts gin, and one part treacle, well beaten together. I said it was a counterpart of what is called *Athol Porridge* in the Highlands of Scotland, which is a mixture of whisky and honey. Johnson said, "That must be a better liquor than the Cornish, for both its component parts are better."

I mentioned his scale of liquors:—Claret for boys, Port for men, Brandy for heroes.

—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*

MAR.

25

WED.

Men are free when they are in a living homeland, not when they are straying and breaking away. Men are free when they are obeying some deep, inward voice of religious belief. Men are free when they belong to a living, organic, *believing* community, active in fulfilling some unfulfilled, perhaps unrealized purpose. Not when they are escaping to some wild west. The most unfree souls go west, and shout of freedom. Men are freest when they are most unconscious of freedom. The shout is a rattling of chains, always was.

—D. H. LAWRENCE, *Studies in Classic American Literature*

MAR.

26

THU.

The Moon on the one hand, the Dawn on the other;
The Moon is my sister, the Dawn is my brother.
The Moon on my left, and the Dawn on my right;
My Brother, good morning; my Sister, good night.

—HILAIRE BELLOC, *Early Morning*

MAR.

27

FRI.

Man nor king can see unmoved the coming of a wind-filled sail, the coming of a lovely lady, the coming of a horse in speed.

—JAMES STEPHENS, *In the Land of Youth*

MAR.

28

SAT.

If Minerva offered me a gift and an option, I would say give me continuity. I am tired of scraps. I do not wish to be a literary or intellectual chiffonier. Away with this Jew's rag-bag of ends and tufts of brocade, velvet, and cloth-of-gold; let me spin some yards or miles of helpful twine, a clew to lead to one kingly truth, a cord to bind wholesome and belonging facts.

—EMERSON'S *Journal* (1854)

MAR.

29

SUN.

Women, music, poetry, art, science, and pure speculative philosophy, all requiring lazy days . . . to them all, Lincoln's answer was spoken in the quaint gingerbread story, the Indiana boy blurting out mournfully, "Abe, I don't spose there's anybody on earth likes gingerbread better'n I do—and gets less'n I do."

CARL SANDBURG, *Abraham Lincoln*

MAR.

30

MON.

Sudden Glory is the passion which maketh those Grimaces called *Laughter*; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves. And it is incident most to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of other men.

—HOBBS, *Leviathan* (1651)

MAR.

31

TUE.

When laughter is humble, when it is not based on self-esteem, it is wiser than tears. Conformity is wiser than hot denials, tolerance wiser than priggishness and puritanism. There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.

The dark background which death supplies brings out the tender colours of life in all their purity.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Soliloquies
in England*

APR.

I

WED.

A good laugh is a mighty good thing, and rather too scarce a good thing; the more's the pity. So, if any one man, in his own proper person, afford stuff for a good joke to anybody, let him not be backward, but let him cheerfully allow himself to spend and be spent in that way. And the man that has anything bountifully laughable about him, be sure there is more in that man than you perhaps think for.

—HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby Dick*

APR.

2

THU.

Here on the Madeira I had a vision of the earth as a great and shining sphere. There were no fences and private bounds. I saw for the first time an horizon as an arc suggesting how wide is our ambit. That bare shoulder of the world effaced regions and constellations in the sky. Our earth had celestial magnitude. It was warm, a living body. The abundant rain was vital, and the forest I saw, nobler in stature and with an aspect of intensity beyond what the Amazon forests showed, rose like a sign of life triumphant.

—H. M. TOMLINSON, *The Sea and the Jungle*

APR.

3

FRI.

We took tea, by Boswell's desire; and I eat one bun, I think, that I might not seem to fast ostentatiously.

When I find that so much of my life has stolen unprofitably away, and that I can descry by retrospection scarcely a few single days properly and vigorously employed, why do I yet try to resolve again? I try, because reformation is necessary, and despair is criminal. I try, in humble hope of the help of God.

As my life has, from my earliest years, been wasted in a morning bed, my purpose is from Easter-day to rise early, not later than eight.

—DR. JOHNSON, *Prayers and Meditations*
(Good Friday, 1775)

APR.

4

SAT.

And would it be so strange a thing,
Among the rainy hills of spring
A veritable god to see
In luminous reality?
To see him pass, as bursts of sun
Pass over the valleys and are gone?

—DON MARQUIS, *The Mystic*

APR.

5

SUN.

Easter Day is always the First Sunday after the Full Moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st Day of March; and if the Full Moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after.

But NOTE, That the Full Moon, for the purposes of these Rules and Tables, is the 14th Day of a Lunar Month, reckoned according to an ancient Ecclesiastical computation, and not the real or Astronomical Full Moon.

—*The Book of Common Prayer*

APR.

6

MON.

The meagre breakfasts of many young wives is one cause of so much sickness among them, and of so many puny children in the world. Let every young wife, and indeed everyone else, make a substantial breakfast. A breakfast ought to consist either of eggs or of cold chicken, or of cold game, or of bacon, or of ham, or of cold meat, or of mutton chops, or of fish, and of plenty of good bread.

A meagre, unsubstantial breakfast causes a sinking sensation of the stomach and bowels. Robert Browning truly remarks that

“A sinking at the lower abdomen
Begins the day with indifferent omen.”

—PYE HENRY CHAVASSE, M.D., *Advice
to a Wife* (1877)

APR.

7

TUE.

I have heard that there is a god clothed in shadow who goes to and fro among the human kind, putting silence between hearts with his waving hands, and breathing a chill out of his cold breath, and leaving a gulf as of deep waters flowing between them because of the passing of his feet.

Thus surely it was that the shadow for which I longed came not. Yet in the April blue I heard the wild aerial chimes of song, and watched the golden fulfilment of the day under the high illimitable arch of noon.

—FIONA MACLEOD, *The Silence of Amor*

APR.

8

WED.

According to the Spanish proverb, four persons are wanted to make a good salad: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir all up. The sauce should be kept in a separate bowl, and not be poured over the rest of the materials until the moment before the salad has to be eaten.

—ABRAHAM HAYWARD, *The Art of Dining* (1853)

APR.

9

THU.

I love the prose that blazes its joy and its rapture like stars above me, that lights glowing suns of love, that carries me over the thin ice of its disdain, through the rough black nights of its hatred, that clangs down upon me the green, copper voice of its irony and its laughter.

If you would please me, then stretch over my head a rainbow of language in which I shall see red anger raging, blue gladness rejoicing and yellow mockery laughing.

Take me up and carry me where you will: I crave for nothing more than to be powerless against the power of your Word.

—LODEWIJK VAN DEIJSEL, *Of Prose*

APR.

10

FRI.

“Here,” she said as he was turning away from the door of her apartment, “you’ve got a kiss coming to you. When you live up as far as 168th Street you’ve got to do at least that much for any fellow that takes you home.”

“And say, listen,” she added, just before she closed the door, “next month I’m going to move to 242nd Street.”

—HEYWOOD BROWN, *The Boy Grew Older*

APR.

II

SAT.

Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from
insufficient premises.

—SAMUEL BUTLER, *Notebooks*

APR.

I 2

SUN.

As I was walking in a field on a First-day morning, the Lord opened unto me that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ; and I stranged at it because it was the common belief of people. . . . But my relations were much troubled at me that I would not go with them to hear the priest; for I would get into the orchard or the fields with my Bible by myself.

—GEORGE FOX's *Journal*, 1646

APR.

13

MON.

The Silver Girl she came to me
When spring was dancing green,
She said, I've come to wait on you
And keep your cabin clean:
To wash your face and hands and feet
And keep your forehead cool—
I'll get you into heaven yet,
You damned old fool!

—RICHARD MIDDLETON

APR.

14

TUE.

The flint on being struck by the steel marvelled greatly and said to it in a stern voice, "What arrogance prompts you to annoy me? Trouble me not, for you have chosen me by mistake; I have never done harm to anyone." To which the steel made answer, "If you will be patient you will see what a marvellous result will issue forth from you." The flint was pacified and it saw itself give birth to the marvellous element of fire.

—LEONARDO DA VINCI'S *Notebooks*

APR.

15

WED.

There happened in my time one noble speaker [Lord Bacon], who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

—BEN JONSON, *Sylva*

APR.

16

THU.

All art is at once surface and symbol. Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors. Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital. When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself.

—OSCAR WILDE, Preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

*Art is the only thing that
makes life half-imaginary and
with a difference of a few miles*

APR.

17

FRI.

BENEDICK: I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of witrackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram?

—SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing*,
Act V, Sc. 4

APR.

18

SAT.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

—SHELLEY, *A Defense of Poetry*

APR.

19

SUN.

I lingered a week in Boston, went around everywhere, and saw all that was to be seen, especially human beings. The New England metropolis of to-day may be described as sunny, a happy and joyous public spirit. Indeed there is a good deal of the Hellenic in Boston, and the people are getting handsomer too—padded out, with freer motions, and with color in their faces. I never saw so many fine-looking gray-haired women.

—WALT WHITMAN, *Specimen Days*
(April, 1881)

APR. 20 MON.

"Where are you from?" he asked me in a kindly tone.

"From Philadelphia," I answered him rather proudly.

"And yet I find the sextet of your sonnet so fine," he answered reproachfully.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD to MAURICE EGAN
(*Recollections of a Happy Life*,
MAURICE F. EGAN)

APR.

21

TUE.

He is invariably in a hurry. Being in a hurry is one of the tributes he pays to life.

—ELIZABETH BIBESCO, *Balloons*

APR.

22

WED.

Soon that event befell me which was the profoundest experience I ever had . . . a revelation of life, nothing less. I was reading Keats in my room, as I had not done for years, when on a sudden I felt overpowered by his voice. I sat dazed and still, while slowly the world within me turned upside-down . . . that fresh and living world arose in which I am the least inhabitant there is, and I heard all the poets I know of singing like larks. The region I now was in was so sweet to my soul, I disliked to go out, for disgust of the actual world and all its deafening, mechanical works, that had ruled me so long.

—WALTER D'ARCY CRESSWELL, *The Poet's Progress* (1930)

APR.

23

THU.

So, like a strange bright bird we sometimes find
To mingle with the barn-door brood awhile,
Then vanish from their homely domicile—
Into man's poesy, we wot not whence,
Flew thy strange mind,
Lodged there a radiant guest, and sped for ever thence.

—THOMAS HARDY, *To Shakespeare* (1916)

APR.

24

FRI.

The intention of every other piece of prose may be discussed and even mistrusted; but the purpose of a cookery book is one and unmistakable. Its object can conceivably be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind.

—JOSEPH CONRAD, Preface to MRS.
CONRAD'S *Handbook of Cookery*
for a Small House

APR.

25

SAT.

TO MAKE ALE DRINK QUICK. When small Ale hath wrought sufficiently, draw into bottles; but first put into every bottle twelve good raisins of the Sun split and stoned; Then stop up the bottle close, and set it in sand (gravel) or a cold dry Cellar. After a while this will drink exceeding quick and pleasant.

—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *The Closet Opened*
(1669)

APR.

26

SUN.

The strong man alone is tolerant; weak men, vulgar men, and men cursed with any reverence, are easily fanatical, and it is the damnable sure preacher of dogma who discredits even his teaching.

—R. V. RISLEY (written in a copy of
Obiter Dicta)

APR.

27

MON.

“As I lay down on the grass, I observed the glittering silver line on the ridge of the backs of the sheep, owing to their situation respecting the sun, which made them look beautiful, but with something of strangeness, like animals of another kind, as if belonging to a more splendid world.”

What a woman to go a-gipsying through the world with!

—MAURICE HEWLETT, *on Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals*

APR.

28

TUE.

Remain seated as little as possible, put no trust in any thought that is not born in the open to the accompaniment of free bodily motion. All prejudices take their origin in the intestines. A sedentary life is the real sin against the Holy Ghost.

—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, *Ecce Homo*

APR.

29

WED.

DEVILLED KIDNEYS ON TOAST. Remove the skin from say two sheep's kidneys and cut them in halves. Put into an enamelled frying pan about half an ounce of fresh butter and make it hot. Lay the kidneys in the butter the cut side down. Cook over a brisk fire with the stove top off for five minutes. Turn once. Then replace the stove top and stand the frying pan again on it for five to ten minutes more. Have ready enough buttered toast to take half a kidney on each slice of toast. Dust the kidneys with a little red pepper before placing on the toast. Put on each kidney a little fresh butter about the size of a pea, place on the toast and serve very hot.

—JESSIE CONRAD, *Handbook of Cookery
for a Small House*

APR.

30

THU.

I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination—Imagination, the real and Eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow. What is the life of Man but Art and Science?

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *Jerusalem*

MAY

I

FRI.

The wind blows about everywhere, but he has not yet learned wisdom. He whispered to me one day—
“To be happy, one must give and take at the same time.”

—CHARLOTTE HARDIN, *Coins and Medals*

MAY

2

SAT.

There was a sunrise falling like red blood

Over the bloodless city: for a space
Life filled it to the turrets, and it stood
Bearing the warm red sunrise in its face:

And men and women, creeping through the red
Of the marvellous city, could not quite deny
All day the life that startled them: they said
Beautiful things, and wept, and wondered why.

—DOROTHY E. REID, *Poem to Be Carried
as a Banner*

MAY

3

SUN.

Notwithstanding the beauty and expressiveness of his [Walt Whitman's] eyes, I occasionally see something in them, as he bends them upon me, that almost makes me draw back. I cannot explain it—whether it is more or less than human. It is as if the Earth looked at me—dumb, yearning, relentless, immodest, inhuman. If the impersonal elements and forces were concentrated in an eye, that would be it. It is not piercing, but absorbing and devouring. There is something indescribable in his look, as in that of the mother of many children.

—JOHN BURROUGHS, *Journal* (1865)

MAY

4

MON.

If the world were not so full of people, and most of them did not have to work so hard, there would be more time for them to get out and lie on the grass, and there would be more grass for them to lie on.

—DON MARQUIS, *The Almost Perfect State*

MAY

5

TUE.

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite—
“Fool,” said my Muse to me,
“Look in thy heart, and write!”

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

MAY

6

WED.

I was at a fire the other night and heard a man say: "That corner stack is alight now quite nicely." People's sympathies seem generally to be with the fire so long as no one is in danger of being burned.

—SAMUEL BUTLER, *Notebooks*

MAY

7

THU.

Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole. . . .
Serenely full the Epicure may say:
Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.

—SYDNEY SMITH, *Recipe for a Salad*

MAY

8

FRI.

Hither thou com'st. The busie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
 Rain'd on thy bed
 And harmless head;
And now as fresh and chearful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing.

—HENRY VAUGHAN, *The Bird* (1650)

MAY

9

SAT.

Watch the weather, keep the halliards clear for running, and remember that any fool can carry on but only the wise man knows how to shorten sail.

—JOSEPH CONRAD, message to the ship
Tusitala

MAY

IO

SUN.

What will this be, when fleeting time shall be converted into permanent eternity? Sharpen thy sight to look into this vast profundity. Were it but some ordinary notion or quiddity, my fantasie would offer to wrestle with it; and peradventure, by strong abstraction, & by deep retirement into the closet of judgment, I might hazard to frame some likeness of it. . . . I now see that one real moment will truly and solidly give to thee and me the elixir of content and happiness; not drawn out of such 40 years as I have struggled through the world in various fortunes, but multiplied beyond the Arithmetick of intelligences.

—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *A Treatise
of Man's Soul* (1657)

MAY

II

MON.

Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.

Had his fingers been able to toy with her hair
Would they then have written the verses fair?

Statues and pictures and verse may be grand,
But they are not the Life for which they stand.

—JAMES THOMSON

MAY

12

TUE.

The normal mother fly has 320 children four times a year and still seems able to go out considerably between times.

—*Ohio State Journal*

MAY

13

WED.

“A second glass, Jawn, f’r the love of God!”
I hesitated.

“It’s not sensual’ty I’m schemin’,” he says, very humble. “It’s this: I was born below par to th’ extent of two whiskies, no more an’ no less. It’s only to have me mind rise to its natur’l statchure.”

—C. E. MONTAGUE, *Fiery Particles*

MAY I 4 THU.

He must not laugh at his own wheeze:
A snuff box has no right to sneeze.

—KEITH PRESTON, *The Humorist*

MAY

15

FRI.

The first cup moistens my lips and throat, the second cup breaks my loneliness, the third cup searches my barren entrail but to find therein some five thousand volumes of odd ideographs. The fourth cup raises a slight perspiration—all the wrong of life passes away through my pores. At the fifth cup I am purified; the sixth cup calls me to the realms of immortals. The seventh cup—ah, but I could take no more!

—OKAKURA KAKUZO, *The Book of Tea*

MAY

16

SAT.

BOSWELL: If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a newborn child with you, what would you do?

JOHNSON: Why, Sir, I should not much like my company.

BOSWELL: But would you take the trouble of rearing it?

JOHNSON: Why, yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniencies. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain.

—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*

MAY

17

SUN.

Men are the Universe become conscious: the simplest man should consider himself too great to be called after any name.

—JOHN DAVIDSON, Preface to *Fleet Street*

MAY

18

MON.

Pan here broke in on the Philosopher.

“Virtue,” said he, “is the performance of pleasant actions.”

The Philosopher held the statement for a moment on his forefinger.

“And what, then, is vice?” said he.

“It is vicious,” said Pan, “to neglect the performance of pleasant actions.”

“If this be so,” the other commented, “philosophy has up to the present been on the wrong track.”

—JAMES STEPHENS, *The Crock of Gold*

MAY

19

TUE.

The amount of minute and delicate joy I get out of watching people and things when I am alone is simply enormous—I really only have Perfect Fun with myself. Other people won't stop and look at the things I want to look at or, if they do, they stop to please me or to humour me or to keep the peace. But I am so made that as sure as I am with anyone, I begin to give consideration to their opinions and their desires, and they are not worth half the consideration that mine are. It's enormously valuable and marvellous when I'm alone, the detail of life, the *life* of life.

—KATHERINE MANSFIELD's *Journal*

MAY 20 WED.

The secret thoughts of a man run over all things, holy, profane, clean, obscene, grave, and light, without shame or blame; which verbal discourse cannot do farther than the judgment shall approve of the time, place, and persons.

—HOBBS, *Leviathan* (1651)

MAY

21

THU.

God—I mean the sum of all possible good—is immutable; to make our peace with him it is we, not he, that must change. We should need to discover, and to pursue singly, the happiness proper to our nature, including the accidents of race and sex and the very real advantages of growing old and of not living for ever; and we should need to respect without envying all other forms of the good.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Soliloquies in England*

MAY

22

FRI.

The odium of success is hard enough to bear, without the added ignominy of popular applause.

Nothing can stand against success and yet keep fresh. Nations as well as individuals feel its vulgarizing power. Throughout all Europe, Spain alone still rears its head, the unspoiled race, content in philosophic guise to fail in all she does, and thus preserve the individual independence of her sons. . . . Those who fail have their revenge on the successful few, by having kept themselves free from vulgarity, or by having died unknown.

—R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM,
Success (1902)

MAY

23

SAT.

Build me no comic tomb-stone, lying half,
And half glozed over with unmeaning words,
But a brave fountain. Let my epitaph
Be sung by birds.

And should one stubborn woman when I'm gone
Pretend my heart was wise and kind and deep,
Try not to teach her. Let her stop alone
If she would weep.

—HUGH WESTERN, *My Testament*

MAY

24

SUN.

The things which are produced according to their nature contain something pleasing and attractive. For instance, when bread is baked some parts are split at the surface, and these parts, though contrary to the purpose of the baker's art, are beautiful in a manner and excite a desire for eating. . . . And the ears of corn bending down, and the lion's eyebrows, and the foam which flows from the mouth of wild boars, though they are far from beautiful if a man should examine them severally, still, because they are consequent upon nature, they please the mind.

—*The Thoughts of* MARCUS
AURELIUS ANTONINUS

MAY

25

MON.

The amount and variety of vegetation on this gigantic sand bar is extraordinary. Besides two kinds of grass, there are wild peas and other plants, affording subsistence to wild ponies and rabbits. There are no other animals on the island, excepting rats that have come ashore from wrecks.

Should vessels run ashore on Sable Island and be in danger, the crews are urged to remain by the ship until assistance can be rendered by the life-saving staff on shore. All attempts to leave in the ship's own boats have resulted in loss of life, but in every case where assistance from the shore has been awaited, the crew has been saved.

—*British Admiralty Sailing Directions,
Sable Island*

MAY

26

TUE.

Horas non numero nisi serenas is the motto of a sundial near Venice. There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling!

—WILLIAM HAZLITT, *On a Sun-Dial*

MAY

27

WED.

If, as Socrates said, All men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike and take thy portion? or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art.

—BURTON, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*
(1652)

MAY

28

THU.

My resolutions, which God perfect, are:—

1. To avoid loose thoughts.
2. To rise at eight every morning.

I hope to extend these purposes to other duties; but it is necessary to combat evil habits singly. I purpose to rise at eight, because, though I shall not yet rise early, it will be much earlier than I now rise, for I often lie till two, and will gain me much time and tend to a conquest over idleness.

Tomorrow I purpose to regulate my room.

—DR. JOHNSON, *Prayers and Meditations*
(1765)

MAY

29

FRI.

In escorting me home we were obliged to cross a wide square, and, in the commencement of our acquaintance, he always walked along the sides of the square; but I now saw that he simply traversed it in the middle, whence I concluded that his love had diminished in the same proportion which exists between the diagonal of a square and the sides of the same.

—MLLE. DE LAUNAY (afterward MME. DE STAEL), quoted in *Women in France During the 18th Century*

MAY

30

SAT.

*Nobis cum pereant amorum
Et dulcedines et decor,
Tu nostrorum præteritorum
Anima mundi, sis memor.*

On the mind's lonely hill-top lying
I saw man's life go by like a breath,
And love that longs to be love undying
Bowed with fear of the void of death.
"If Time be master," I heard her weeping,
"How shall I save the loves I bore?
They are gone, they are gone beyond my keeping—
Anima mundi, sis memor!"

—HENRY NEWBOLT

MAY

31

SUN.

When a university course convinces like a slumbering
woman and child convince,
When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the
night-watchman's daughter,
When warranty deeds loafe in chairs opposite and are
my friendly companions,
I intend to reach them my hand, and make as much of
them as I do of men and women like you.

—WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass*

JUNE

I

MON.

You should do nothing that did not absolutely *please* you. Be idle, be very idle! The habits of your mind are such that you will necessarily do much; but be as idle as you can.

—COLERIDGE, writing to Southey, 1799

JUNE

2

TUE.

As you say, I am honoured and famous and rich. But as I have to do all the hard work, and suffer an increasing multitude of fools gladly, it does not feel any better than being reviled, infamous and poor, as I used to be.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *Letter to
Frank Harris*

JUNE

3

WED.

He was a rationalist, but he had to confess that he liked the ringing of church bells.

—*Notebook of* ANTON CHEKHOV

JUNE

4

THU.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost: that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

—THOREAU, *Walden*

JUNE

5

FRI.

Damsels of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

JUNE

6

SAT.

It is hardly credible how difficult it is for a man of my sensibility to support existence in the family where I now am. It requires the utmost exertion of practical philosophy to keep myself quiet. I, however, have done so all this week, to admiration, nay, I have appeared good-humoured; but it has cost me drinking a considerable quantity of strong beer to dull my faculties.

—JAMES BOSWELL, *Letter to Temple* (1775)

JUNE

7

SUN.

“Masticate your food properly,” their father told them. And they masticated properly, and walked two hours every day, and washed in cold water, and yet they turned out unhappy and without talent.

—*Notebook of* ANTON CHEKHOV

JUNE

8

MON.

To be Anonymous is better than to be Alexander. Cowley said it engagingly, in his little essay on *Obscurity*: "*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*: he lives well, that has lain well hidden."

—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, *Patrins*

JUNE

9

TUE.

If you make people think they're thinking, they'll love you; but if you really make them think, they'll hate you.

—DON MARQUIS

JUNE

IO

WED.

Those who are held in the allegiance of the Sirens are always truant in soul; through the long days they may obey the punctualities of rule, and keep the statutes of observance, but their hearts are in the ghostly meadows where the great moth hovered and was never taken. He who thus outwardly conforms is fast vowed to errantry. The memories of those great escapes shall come to him in the still chambers; like a violin of the Amati, he shall grow more resonant with years.

—W. COMPTON LEITH, *Sirenica*

JUNE

II

THU.

There is no truer and more abiding happiness than the knowledge that one is free to go on doing, day by day, the best work one can do, in the kind one likes best, and that this work is absorbed by a steady market and thus supports one's own life. The man who is rich enough to work unnoticed and unrewarded is by comparison a savage; the man who can only do his own work by stealth when he has won his daily bread elsewhere is a slave. Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work and in that work does what he wants to do.

—R. G. COLLINGWOOD, *Speculum Mentis*
(1924)

JUNE

12

FRI.

I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes.

—THOREAU, *Walden*

JUNE

13

SAT.

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and
the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Dialogues in Limbo*

JUNE **I 4** SUN.

Rightly to perceive a thing, in all the fulness of its qualities, is really to create it. So, on perfect holidays, you re-create your world and sign on again as a pleased and enthusiastic member of the great airship's company. The word recreation seems to tell you as much.

—C. E. MONTAGUE, *The Right Place*

JUNE

15

MON.

Young Ladies, the weakness and corruption of human nature are the common inheritance of both sexes. Moreover there is that in the spirit of the times on which you have fallen, that interferes greatly with your healthful intellectual and moral growth. There are scattered through the various walks of society not only *fast* young men, but *fast* young ladies also; those I mean who care little for the culture of their minds, if they can only gratify the passion for display; whose influence helps to swell the tide of inconsideration and levity and disregard for all that is sacred, that is sweeping so furiously through the country and the world. Not that I intend to intimate that the spirit of which I speak has seriously invaded the female group before me.

—WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D., Address Delivered at the Young Ladies' Institute, Albany, N. Y., June 15, 1869

JUNE

16

TUE.

Tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally coarse in their nervous sensibilities, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favorite beverage of the intellectual.

—DE QUINCEY, *Confessions of an English
Opium-Eater*

JUNE

17

WED.

I have never had a watch nor any other mode of keeping time in my possession, nor ever wish to learn how time goes. It is a sign I have had little to do, few avocations, few engagements. When I am in a town, I can hear the clock; and when I am in the country, I can listen to the silence.

—WILLIAM HAZLITT, *On a Sun-Dial*

JUNE

18

THU.

I should very much like to know what those who have an answer to everything can say about the food requisite to breakfast? Those great men Marlowe and Jonson, Shakespeare, and Spenser before him, drank beer at rising, and tamed it with a little bread. In the regiment we used to drink black coffee without sugar, and cut off a great hunk of stale crust. Dogs eat the first thing they come across, cats take a little milk, and gentlemen are accustomed to get up at nine and eat eggs, bacon, kidneys, ham, cold pheasant, toast, coffee, tea, scones, and honey, after which they will boast that their race is the hardiest in the world.

—HILAIRE BELLOC, *The Path to Rome*

JUNE

19

FRI.

I doubt not but, if it had been a thing contrary to the interest of men that have dominion, that the three angles of a triangle should be equal to two angles of a square, that doctrine should have been, if not disputed, yet by the burning of all books of geometry, suppressed.

—HOBBS, *Leviathan*

JUNE 20 SAT.

I hate Spiders—I dislike all kinds of Insects. Their cold intelligence, their empty, stereotyped, unremitted industry repel me. And I am not altogether happy about the future of the Human Race; when I think of the slow refrigeration of the Earth, the Sun's waning, and the ultimate, inevitable collapse of the Solar System, I have grave misgivings.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, *Trivia*

JUNE

21

SUN.

In these parts, we let the hot water remain too long soaking upon the Tea, which makes it extract into itself the earthy parts of the herb. The water is to remain upon it, no longer than whiles you can say the *Miserere* Psalm very leisurely.¹

—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *The Closet Opened*
(1669)

¹ Strictly speaking there are three *Miserere* psalms, viz., 51, 56, and 57. For this purpose, however, I should have expected the learned Sir Kenelm to have chosen the 65th (*Te decet*), the 71st (*In te, Domine, speravi*), or the 145th (*Exaltabo te*).

JUNE

22

MON.

The moment you step into the world of facts, you step into a world of limits. You can free things from alien or accidental laws, but not from the laws of their own nature. You may, if you like, free a tiger from his bars; but do not free him from his stripes. Do not free a camel of the burden of his hump: you may be freeing him from being a camel. Do not go about as a demagogue, encouraging triangles to break out of the prison of their three sides. If a triangle breaks out of its three sides, its life comes to a lamentable end.

—G. K. CHESTERTON, *Orthodoxy*

JUNE

23

TUE.

A ready and graceful reply to a compliment may be regarded as a conversational embellishment. One may say, "I fear I owe your commendation to the partiality of friendship"; or some phrase like this will occasionally be appropriate—"I am afraid, sir, I shall plume myself too highly upon your good opinion"; or "It will be my *devoir*, as well as my happiness, for the future, to deserve your commendation, sir."

—*The American Gentleman's Guide to
Politeness* (1857)

JUNE 24 WED.

This day the sun is in his chieftest height
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were.

—EDMUND SPENSER, *An Epithalamion*

JUNE

25

THU.

In a Sleeper. The motion of a train keeps me awake, it elates and fills me. I am restless, tossed between the feeling that I must sleep if I am to be alive to-morrow and the time urgency about places one is passing through. We will only be in Utica a few minutes and the station platform is important. And there is the need to feel about the darkened houses and fields passing by. One can know so little about them ever at any time.

—A.I.B., *Examination Book*

JUNE

26

FRI.

The abundant introduction of seafish has unduly lowered the character of carp; a fat river carp is a dish for a prince. Pond carp acquire a muddy taste, to counteract which a learned monk suggests the prudence of giving them for companions a few small pike, who nibble at their fins when they are half sunk in the mud, and compel them to take exercise.

—ABRAHAM HAYWARD, *The Art of Dining*

JUNE 27 *SAT.*

Like Richard Jefferies, I could wish to be associated in the thoughts of all booklovers as a follower and believer in that small band of initiates who, from the beginning, have labored to bring mankind the precious gift of Life.

—THOMAS B. MOSHER

JUNE

28

SUN.

For in fact each man is unique and irreplaceable; there cannot be any other I; each one of us—our soul, that is, not our life—is worth the whole Universe. I say the spirit and not the life, for life is of use only in so far as it serves its lord and master, spirit.

—MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, *The Tragic
Sense of Life*

JUNE 29 MON.

I know of no more heartrending reading than Shakespeare: how a man must have suffered to be so much in need of playing the clown.

—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, *Ecce Homo*

JUNE 30 TUE.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:

Light will repay

The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

—FRANCIS QUARLES, *Emblems, Divine &
Moral* (1635)

JULY

I

WED.

Un vieil auteur inconnu a dit: Rien n'égale la joie de l'homme qui boit, si ce n'est la joie du vin d'être bu.

—*Manuel de l'Amateur de Bourgogne*

JULY

2

THU.

I found many who were continually wishing for beauty. I went to them with a sunset and a spray of mist, but they had already contented themselves in a shop with little painted candlesticks.

—CHARLOTTE HARDIN, *Coins and Medals*

JULY

3

FRI.

Look thy last on all things lovely
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
 Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
 In other days.

—WALTER DE LA MARE, *Fare Well*

JULY

4

SAT.

That which distinguishes this day from all others is that then both orators and artillerymen shoot blank cartridges.

—JOHN BURROUGHS, *Journal*, July 4, 1859

JULY

5

SUN.

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

—EMILY DICKINSON

JULY

6

MON.

I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts, but have only made enemies. I never made friends but by spiritual gifts, by severe contentions of friendship, and the burning fire of thought.

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *Jerusalem*

JULY

7

TUE.

The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights,' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different—then let them remain each in their own position.

—QUEEN VICTORIA, *memorandum on
Women's Suffrage* (1870)

JULY

8

WED.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again.

—SHELLEY, *Adonais*

JULY

9

THU.

Il me tumble en fantasie que l'ame de Socrates, qui est la plus parfaicte qui soit venue à ma cognoissance, seroit, à mon compte, une ame de peu de recommandation: car ie ne puis concevoir en ce personnage aulcun effort de vicieuse concupiscence; au train de sa vertu, ie n'y puis imaginer aulcune difficulté ny aulcune contraincte. Si la vertu ne peult luire que par le combat des appetits contraires, dirons nous doncques qu'elle ne se puisse passer de l'assistance du vice.

—MONTAIGNE, *Essais*

JULY **10** FRI.

Talk about the joys of the unexpected, can they compare with the joys of the expected, of finding everything delightfully and completely what you knew it was going to be?

—ELIZABETH BIBESCO, *Balloons*

JULY

II

SAT.

Terribly hot in the morning; a beautiful, mysterious summer night.

The suggestiveness of summer!—a word that is so weighted with the fullness of existence—means more to me than any other word in the language, I think.

—EDWARD MARTIN TABER, *Stowe Notes*

JULY 12 SUN.

There was a spell of heat in 1911, when crowds went to bathe in the Serpentine by moonlight in the teeth of rules and regulations, providing London with one of its most romantic spectacles. But summers that produce these eccentricities are rare. London on the whole is a temperate capital, full of citizens who have never shed a waistcoat in town in all their lives.

—JAMES BONE, *The London Perambulator*
(1925)

JULY

13

MON.

If you wish to be strong, if you desire to retain your good looks, if you are desirous of having a family, jump out of bed the moment you are awake. Let there be no dallying, no parleying with the enemy, or the battle is lost; you will then lose one of the greatest charms and blessings of life, and will, probably, not have the felicity of ever becoming a mother.

—PYE HENRY CHAVASSE, M.D., *Advice
to a Wife* (1877)

JULY

14

TUE.

Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs-d'œuvre.

On ne sort jamais de soi-même. Ce que nous avons de mieux à faire, ce me semble, c'est de reconnaître de bonne grâce cette affreuse condition et d'avouer que nous parlons de nous-mêmes chaque fois que nous n'avons pas la force de nous taire.

—ANATOLE FRANCE, *La Vie Littéraire*

JULY

15

WED.

The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

—ANDREW MARVELL, *The Garden*

JULY 16 THU.

I never could explain *why* I love anybody, or anything.

—WALT WHITMAN (of the cedar-plums,
in *Specimen Days*)

JULY

17

FRI.

After secretly observing the unstudied grace of her movements, the most celebrated picture-maker of the province burned the implements of his craft, and began life anew as a trainer of performing elephants.

—ERNEST BRAMAH, *Kai Lung's Golden Hours*

JULY

18

SAT.

Qui sait si l'on ne verra pas que le phosphore et l'esprit vont ensemble?

—STENDHAL, *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie* (1854)

JULY 19 SUN.

FOUND—One shoe box, 2 pie plates, 18 pieces Binghamton newspaper, 1 tobacco box, 1 sardine can (cheap kind), quantity of excelsior, empty cracker box, 1 old sock. Owner can have same without charge, as the cows refuse to eat them in the hay. Hereafter Stone's picnic grounds will be closed. P. H. Stone, Sands Creek.

—Advertisement in Hancock, N. Y.,
Herald, May, 1920.

JULY 20 MON.

The more furiously and prodigiously books are put in circulation the more fluently will they pass into the arteries of the Second-Hand trade; this is where the real glamor of Books has its color and essence. In those dim aisles of dusty brethren books come to their just level. They are no longer bricks of merchandise; they become audible as a voice from another world.

—*The Book Dial*

JULY

21

TUE.

VENUS is an *inferior* planet, that is to say, her orbit lies between the earth and the sun at a distance from the latter of 67 millions of miles, as compared with our own distance of 93 millions. Therefore Venus, though visible in the evening or morning, sticks so close to the sun as never to be visible at *night*.

—S. T. S. LECKY, *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*

JULY 22 *WED.*

Why taste the wormwood when the prunes are wholesome, sweet and cheap? The night is coming on eft-soons, when I lie down to sleep.

—WALT MASON

JULY

23

THU.

After the truth has been uttered, there may still be time for you to escape before it is understood.

—*New York Evening Post*

JULY

24

FRI.

If a drop of water falls into the sea when it is calm, it must of necessity be that the whole surface of the sea is raised imperceptibly, seeing that water cannot be compressed within itself, like air.

—LEONARDO DA VINCI'S *Notebooks*

JULY 25 SAT.

A good day here, on a jaunt, amid the sand and salt, a steady breeze setting in from the sea, the sun shining, the sedge-odor, the noise of the surf, a mixture of hissing and booming, the milk-white crests curling over. I had a leisurely bath and naked ramble as of old, on the warm-gray shore-sands, my companions off in a boat in deeper water—(I shouting to them Jupiter's menaces against the gods, from Pope's Homer).

—WALT WHITMAN (Far Rockaway, L. I.,
July 25, 1881)

JULY 26 SUN.

Few know the ways of this rapt eremite
By civilization he is not impressed;
Lost in the spiral of his conscience, he
Detachedly takes rest.

It is a case of static resolution,
That has attained such peace with little din;
Bereft of Eden's garden, his two horns
Were cannily drawn in.

—LAURA BENÉT, *The Snail*

JULY 27 MON.

The waves of the sea are never more than twelve or fifteen feet high, although a very common notion prevails that they run very much higher.

—JACOB ABBOTT, *Rollo on the Atlantic* (1858)

JULY 28 TUE.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

The morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium.

—OSCAR WILDE, Preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

JULY 29 WED.

I knew how beauty seen from unseen must rise,
How the body's joy for more than body's use was
made.

I knew then how the body is the body of the mind,
And how the mind's own fire beneath the cool skin
played.

If these eyes could see what these eyes have not seen—
The inward vision clear—how should I look for
joy,

Knowing that beauty's self rose visible in the world
Over age that darkens, and griefs that destroy.

—JOHN FREEMAN, *The Body*

JULY 30 THU.

Quid prodest totius regionis silentium, si adfectus fremunt? Nulla placida est quies, nisi qua ratio composuit.

[Or—as rendered by Arthur Gordon Webster—

*What boots the calm of this whole shop
If my inside is going pop?*]

—SENECA, *Epistles*

JULY

31

FRI.

All things make you their embassy;
I would not know
God, beauty, or Mercutio
As happily
Had you died younger, or lived long ago.

—DOROTHY E. REID, *Coach into Pumpkin*

AUG.

I

SAT.

Sail locker should be dry and clean. The Chief Mate should see that all officers know the stowage of the locker, so that a required sail may be taken out at night without much trouble.

If the ship is troubled with rats, place a good deal of dry newspaper in the locker for the rats to chew on.

—FELIX RIESENBERG, *Standard Seamanship*

AUG.

2

SUN.

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.
Thine has a great hook nose like thine;
Mine has a snub nose like to mine.

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *The
Everlasting Gospel*

AUG.

3

MON.

I traversed a dominion
Whose spokesmen spake out strong
Their purpose and opinion
Through pulpit, press and song. . . .

I saw, in web unbroken,
Its history outwrought
Not as the loud had spoken,
But as the mute had thought.

—THOMAS HARDY

AUG.

4

TUE.

Comment? vous avez voté une guerre avec cette rapidité et cette indifférence?

Oh! c'est une guerre sans importance, qui coûtera à peine huit millions de dollars.

Et des hommes?

Les hommes sont compris dans les huit millions de dollars.

—ANATOLE FRANCE, *L'Ile des Pingouins*

AUG.

5

WED.

I do not pity the wounded person—I become the wounded person.

—WALT WHITMAN

AUG.

6

THU.

Poor human nature, so richly endowed with nerves of anguish, so splendidly organized for pain and sorrow, is but slenderly equipped for joy. . . . A sense of ineffable joy, attainable at will, and equal in intensity and duration to (let us say) an attack of sciatica, would go far to equalize the one-sided conditions under which we live.

—GEORGE DU MAURIER, *Peter Ibbetson*

AUG.

7

FRI.

A Persian carpet or piece of Sheraton makes a distinguished end and bears itself with dignity to the last—as aristocrats before the guillotine. But a Brussels or bit of mid-Victorian will be found to grovel, show its unlovely wounds and scream for pity.

—EDEN PHILLPOTTS, *A Shadow Passes*

AUG.

8

SAT.

Business men boast of their skill and cunning
But in philosophy they are like little children.
Bragging to each other of successful depredations
They neglect to consider the ultimate fate of the
body.

What should they know of the Master of Dark Truth
Who by illumined conception got clear of Heaven
and Earth,

On the chariot of Mutation entered the Gate of Im-
mutability?

—CH'EN TZU-ANG (A. D. 656-698)
(translated by Arthur Waley)

AUG.

9

SUN.

A man cannot say, "I will compose poetry." The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, and the conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure.

—SHELLEY, *A Defense of Poetry*

AUG. **IO** MON.

Thoreau's quality is very penetrating and contagious; reading him is like eating onions—one must look out or the flavor will reach his own page. But my current is as strong in my own channel as Thoreau's in his. Thoreau preaches and teaches always. I never preach or teach. I simply see and describe.

—JOHN BURROUGHS, *Journal* (1878)

AUG.

II

TUE.

He [John Milton's brother] was knighted and made a Judge; but, his constitution being too weak for business, he retired before any disreputable compliances became necessary.

—DR. JOHNSON, *Lives of the Poets*

AUG.

I 2

WED.

Our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is,
and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching
unto it.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *The Defense
of Poesy*

AUG.

13

THU.

Letters frighten me more than anything else in life. They contain greater possibilities of murder than any poison. I think you ought only to write to a person when you are in the same place and quite certain to see them. When a letter is a continuation of presence it is all right, but when it becomes a codification of absence it is intolerable.

Please write to me.

—ELIZABETH BIBESCO, *A Lesson
to a Gentleman*

AUG.

14

FRI.

There are people who appear to think only with the brain, or with whatever may be the specific thinking organ; while others think with all the body and all the soul, with the blood, with the marrow of the bones, with the heart, with the lungs, with the belly, with the life.

—MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, *The Tragic
Sense of Life*

AUG.

15

SAT.

The manner of bathing at American watering places appeared to me rather extraordinary. The accommodation is almost entirely at large boarding houses, where all the company live at a *table d'hôte*. It is customary for ladies on arriving to look round among the married gentlemen, the first time they meet at table, and to select the one her fancy leads her to prefer as a protector in her purposed visits to the realms of Neptune; she makes her request, which is always graciously received, that he would lead her to taste the briny wave; but another fair one must select the same protector, as custom does not authorize tête-à-tête immersion.

—FRANCES TROLLOPE, *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1836)

AUG.

16

SUN.

The Conniving House (as the gentlemen of Trinity called it in my time) was a little public house within a few yards of the sea. Here we used to have the finest fish at all times; and in the season, green peas, and all the most excellent vegetables. The ale here was always extraordinary, and everything the best; a delightful place of a summer's evening. Many a delightful evening have I passed in this pretty thatched house with the famous Larrey Grogan, who played on the bag-pipes extreme well; dear Jack Lattin, matchless on the fiddle; and many other delightful fellows. When I think of them and their evening songs, and that years and infirmities begin to oppress me—What is life!

—*The Life of* JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ.

AUG.

17

MON.

All floats on the summit and crest of full perfection; it is the ripe hour of all things. No sign of autumn appears yet among the leaves. Shall he believe that Nature betrays him with a kiss of peace? Yet she does betray; the Sirens teach her their art and force her to do their bidding. And often she must do it under that cloudless heaven in the third hour after the meridian, which is the day's autumn, the fatal hour, unbearably steeped in sorrow. For then an afternoon may wear that evil brilliance of the tropic under which men know themselves mocked; and many, asked in what hour they have perceived themselves most desolate and under Medusa's eyes, would answer: "At this hour, and upon a summer's day."

—W. COMPTON LEITH, *Sirenica*

AUG.

18

TUE.

War hath no fury like a non-combatant.

—C. E. MONTAGUE, *Disenchantment*

AUG. 19 WED.

I cannot solve the mystery of the past, nor exhaust my pleasure in it. The years, the generations to come, are nothing to me. We care no more about the world in the year 2300 than we do about one of the planets. . . . The only wish I can form, or that ever prompts the passing sigh, would be to live some of my years over again—they would be those in which I enjoyed and suffered most.

—WILLIAM HAZLITT, *On a Sun-Dial*

AUG. 20 THU.

To a compliment to one's wit, or the like, one may reply—"Dulness is always banished by the presence of Miss——;" or a reply like this will suffice—"I am only too happy in being permitted to amuse you, madam."

—*The American Gentleman's Guide to
Politeness* (1857)

AUG.

21

FRI.

Gaiety is good to look upon and an innocent face is delightful to our souls, but no woman can resist sadness or weakness, and ugliness she dare not resist. Her nature leaps to be the comforter. It is her reason. It exalts her to an ecstasy wherein nothing but the sacrifice of herself has any proportion. Men are not fathers by instinct but by chance, but women are mothers beyond thought, beyond instinct which is the father of thought. Motherliness, pity, self-sacrifice—these are the charges of her primal cell, and not even the discovery that men are comedians, liars, and egotists will wean her from this.

—JAMES STEPHENS, *The Crock of Gold*

AUG. 22 SAT.

The servant gave me my coat and hat, and in a glow of self-satisfaction I walked out into the night. "A delightful evening," I reflected, "the nicest kind of people. What I said about finance and French philosophy impressed them; and how they laughed when I imitated a pig squealing."

But soon after, "God, it's awful," I muttered, "I wish I were dead."

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, *Trivia*

AUG.

23

SUN.

Strange to say, it is much less easy to shake a man's opinions when he is wrong, than when he is right, proving that we are all of a very perverse nature.

—CAPTAIN MARRYAT, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*

AUG. 24 MON.

The fittest time for sleep is two or three hours after supper, when as the meat is now settled at the bottom of the stomach, and 'tis good to lie on the right side first, because at that site the liver doth rest under the stomach, not molesting any way, but heating him as a fire doth a kettle. After the first sleep 'tis not amiss to lie on the left side, that the meat may the better descend; and sometimes again on the belly, but never on the back. Seven or eight hours is a competent time for a melancholy man to rest.

—BURTON, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*
(1652)

AUG.

25

TUE.

After dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry, and to be living within the compass of £50 a year, and all in such kind words as not only made both them but myself to weep.

—PEPYS'S DIARY, 1663

AUG.

26

WED.

A book, like a person, has its fortunes with one; is lucky or unlucky in the precise moment of its falling in our way, and often by some happy accident counts with us for something more than its independent value.

—WALTER PATER, *Marius the Epicurean*

AUG.

27

THU.

Blessed be the inventor of photography! I set him above even the inventor of chloroform. It has given more positive pleasure to poor suffering humanity than anything that has cast up in my time—this art by which even the poor can possess themselves of tolerable likenesses of their absent dear ones. I have often gone into my own room in the devil's own humour, and my eye resting by chance on one of my photographs of long-ago places and people, a crowd of sad, gentle thoughts has rushed into my heart.

—JANE WELSH CARLYLE, *Letter* (1859)

AUG.

28

FRI.

The trumpet-like lowing of a cow—what does that speak to in me? Not to my understanding. No. Yet somewhat in me hears and loves it well.

—EMERSON'S *Journal* (1841)

AUG. 29 SAT.

The best sailors I was ever shipmates with carried square-rigged beards. The beard, like a strong tree, should be allowed to grow to its maturity unrestrained except for a slight pruning. The trained beard, fashioned into curious spikes, is simply a form of inexcusable vanity.

The greatest master of the pen, Herman Melville, spread a wide course of whiskers and beard.

—FELIX RIESENBERG, *The Rough Log*

AUG. 30 SUN.

Idleness, that is the curse of other men, is the nurse
of poets, upon my word.

—WALTER D'ARCY CRESSWELL, *The
Poet's Progress*

AUG.

31

MON.

The bark on several of the trees in the mazzard orchards rubbed into a beautifully smooth, polished surface by the red Devon cows when scratching where it itched; I put my hand on the smooth almost cherry-red patch of bark and felt delighted and grateful that cows had fleas.

—BARBELLION's *Journal*, 1909

SEPT.

I

TUE.

Come, ye disconsolate, in whom any latent eligibility is left—come get the sure virtues of creek-shore and wood and field. Perhaps indeed he or she to whom the free exhilarating ecstasy of nakedness in Nature has never been eligible (and how many thousands there are!) has not really known what purity is—nor what faith or art or health really is.

—WALT WHITMAN, *Specimen Days*

SEPT.

2

WED.

Interested in things great and small, in a print, in a plaster cast, in a hand-organ, in the stars, in the flower on my table, in the fly on my paper while I wrote. (He crossed words of which he knew nothing; and perhaps we all do as much every moment, over things of divinest meaning.)

—*Autobiography of* LEIGH HUNT, 1859

SEPT.

3

THU.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.

—GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church-Porch*

SEPT.

4

FRI.

Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

—SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet 32*

SEPT.

5

SAT.

What could be more charming than a boy before he has begun to cultivate his intellect? He is beautiful to look at; he gives himself no airs; he understands the meaning of art and literature instinctively; he goes about enjoying his life and making other people enjoy theirs. Then they teach him to cultivate his intellect. He becomes a barrister, a civil servant, a general, an author, a professor. Every day he goes to an office. Every year he produces a book. He maintains a whole family by the products of his brain—poor devil! Soon he cannot come into a room without making us all feel uncomfortable; he condescends to every woman he meets . . . and you ask me to believe in intellect.

—VIRGINIA WOOLF, *Monday or Tuesday*

SEPT.

6

SUN.

A certain and infallible method to boil new-laid Eggs to sup up, and yet that they have the white turned to milk, is thus: Break a very little hole, at the bigger end of the shell, and put it into the water, whiles it boileth. Let it remain boiling, whiles your Pulse beateth two hundred stroaks. Then take it out immediately, and you will find it of an exact temper.

—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *The Closet
Opened* (1669)

SEPT.

7

MON.

In the company of ladies too much care cannot be exhibited in one's attitudes. It is then suitable to sit upright, with the feet on the floor, and the hands quietly adjusted before one, either holding the hat and stick (as when paying a morning visit), or the dress-hat carried in the evening, or, to give ease, on occasion, a book, roll of paper, or the like.

—*The American Gentleman's Guide to
Politeness* (1857)

SEPT.

8

TUE.

The world is a perpetual caricature of itself; at every moment it is the mockery and the contradiction of what it is pretending to be. But as it nevertheless intends all the time to be something different and highly dignified, at the next moment it corrects and checks and tries to cover up the absurd thing it was; so that a conventional world, a world of masks, is superimposed on the reality, and passes in every sphere of human interest for the reality itself. Humor is the perception of this illusion, whilst the convention continues to be maintained, as if we had not observed its absurdity.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Soliloquies
in England*

SEPT.

9

WED.

Mathematics possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty—a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show. The true spirit of delight, the exaltation, the sense of being more than man, which is the touchstone of the highest excellence, is to be found in mathematics as surely as in poetry. Real life is, to most men, a long second-best, a perpetual compromise between the ideal and the possible; but the world of pure reason knows no compromise, no practical limitations, no barrier to the creative activity.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL, *The Study of Mathematics*

SEPT. **10** THU.

I have said before, that a man did excel all other animals in this faculty, that when he conceived anything whatsoever, he was apt to inquire the consequences of it, and what effects he could do with it. But this privilege is allayed by another, and that is, by the privilege of absurdity; to which no living creature is subject but man only. And of men, those are of all most subject to it that profess philosophy.

—HOBBS, *Leviathan*

SEPT.

II

FRI.

I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; It should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

—JOHN KEATS, *Letter to Taylor* (1818)

SEPT. **I2** *SAT.*

FOR SALE—CROIX DE GUERRE, \$6.

—Classified advertisement in a Sunday paper,
October, 1920

SEPT.

13

SUN.

I know a sheaf of splendid songs by heart
Which stir the blood or move the soul to tears,
Of death or honour or of love's sweet smart,
The runes and legends of a thousand years;
And some of them go plaintively and slow,
And some are jolly like the earth in May—
But this is *really* the best song I know:
I-tiddly-iddly-i-ti-iddly-ay.

—THEODORE MAYNARD, *Ballade of the Best
Song in the World*

SEPT. **I4** MON.

A secret is a weapon and a friend.

Man is God's secret, Power is man's secret, Sex is
woman's secret.

—JAMES STEPHENS, *The Crock of Gold*

SEPT.

15

TUE.

One of the pleasures of raiding the icebox about 1 A.M. is to throw a muttonbone or a gnawed pullet's limb out at the back door in that blank and middle of the night and take the animals by surprise. Gissing, the Synthetic Dog, and Pepys the cat, and Pepys's daughter Novocaine, lie on the back porch at that hour, having sadly given up hope of any further food or excitement. To startle them with sudden and unexpected edible largesse is to restore their faith in their simple theology, and gives the curator of their destinies a pleasing sense of divinity.

—*The Bowling Green* (Sept. 15, 1922)

SEPT.

16

WED.

Ordinary religion maintains its equilibrium, so far as it does so, because of its low potential. But an intensely religious person is bound to come into conflict with religion itself. Very religious people always shock slightly religious people by their blasphemous attitude to religion; and it was precisely for blasphemy that Jesus was crucified.

—R. G. COLLINGWOOD, *Speculum Mentis*

SEPT.

17

THU.

In true friendship, of which I have had experience, I give myself to my friend rather than draw him towards me. If absence happens to be amusing or useful for him, it pleases me better than his company. Besides it is not really absence when there are means for us to communicate. In times past I have found value and convenience in our separations: we enlarged our lives and made them fuller, for he was living, enjoying, and using his eyes on my behalf; and I also on his. An insatiable appetite for bodily presence suggests some flaw in congeniality.

—MONTAIGNE [transl. C. M.]

SEPT.

18

FRI.

JOHNSON: I should never think it time to make away with myself.

BOSWELL: Suppose, sir, that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society.

JOHNSON: Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he *is* known.

—*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 1773*

SEPT. 19 SAT.

If no history of human credulity has yet been written, the disease ought to be monographed like claustrophobia or alcoholism.

—ARNOLD BENNETT, *Things That Have Interested Me*

SEPT. 20 SUN.

Have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and Thoughts
of things which Thoughts but tenderly touch.

—SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Christian Morals*

SEPT.

21

MON.

Elizabeth, in Lincoln woods, said that the woods always looked as if they waited whilst you passed by—waited for you to be gone.

—EMERSON'S *Journal*, 1838

SEPT. 22 TUE.

Sensibility which no words can express, charm and torment of our vain years! vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable! all-embracing passion, ripened wisdom, delicious self-abandonment,—everything that a mortal heart can contain of life-weariness and yearning, I felt it all, I experienced it all, in this memorable night. I have made an ominous step towards the age of decline; I have swallowed up ten years of life at once. Happy the simple, whose heart is always young!

—ETIENNE DE SENANCOUR, *Obermann*

SEPT.

23

WED.

Hang ideas. They are tramps, vagabonds, knocking at the back door of your mind, each taking a little of your substance, each carrying away some crumb of that belief in a few simple notions you must cling to if you want to live decently and would like to die easy.

—JOSEPH CONRAD, *Lord Jim*

SEPT. 24 THU.

Sabina has a thousand charms
To captivate my heart;
Her lovely eyes are Cupid's arms,
And every look a dart:
But when the beauteous idiot speaks,
She cures me of my pain;
Her tongue the servile fetters breaks
And frees her slave again.

—(Author unknown; published in
Amphion Anglicus, 1700)

SEPT.

25

FRI.

Went to Waite's (the dentist). Teeth all right and white; but he says that I grind them in my sleep and clip the edges.

—BYRON'S *Journal*

SEPT.

26

SAT.

I went to another ancient priest at Mansetter in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the ground of despair and temptations; but he was ignorant of my condition, and he bid me take tobacco and sing psalms. Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in an estate to sing; I could not sing.

—GEORGE FOX's *Journal*, 1645

SEPT. 27 SUN.

May bats defile his ancestral tablets and goats propagate within his ancestral tomb! May the sinews of his hams snap suddenly in moments of achievement! May the principles of his warmth and cold never be properly adjusted!

—ERNEST BRAMAH, *Kài Lung's*
Golden Hours

SEPT. 28 MON.

THE SELF

What waste, that smallness of such power should need
Such clumsy tools so easy to destroy,
Such wasteful servants difficult to feed,
Such indirect dark avenues to joy.
Why, if its business is not mainly earth,
Should it demand such heavy chains to sense?
A heavenly thing demands a swifter birth,
A quicker hand to act intelligence.

—JOHN MASEFIELD, *Lollingdon Downs*

SEPT.

29

TUE.

This, brethren, is the grand truth concerning suffering:

To be born is to suffer: to grow old is to suffer: to die is to suffer: to lose what is loved is to suffer: to be tied to what is not loved is to suffer: to endure what is distasteful is to suffer. In short, all the results of individuality, of separate self-hood, necessarily involve pain or suffering.

—SUBHADRA BHIKSHU, *A Buddhist Catechism*

SEPT. 30 WED.

As lines, so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

—ANDREW MARVELL

OCT.

I

THU.

As I was coming into Town, & just received your Letter, I said aloud—Agreeable B—tch—

—Last words of SWIFT's *Journal*
to Stella (1713)

OCT.

2

FRI.

The problem of education is twofold: first to know, and then to utter. Everyone who lives any semblance of an inner life thinks more nobly and profoundly than he speaks.

—R. L. STEVENSON, *Lay Morals*

OCT.

3

SAT.

There is a Truth and Beauty in Rhetorick; but it oftener serves ill Turns than good ones.

—WILLIAM PENN, *Fruits of Solitude*

OCT.

4

SUN.

The danger of unbounded liberty [of printing], and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the science of Government, which human understanding seems hitherto unable to solve.

—DR. JOHNSON, *Lives of the Poets*

OCT.

5

MON.

THOMAS HOBBS

In his old age he was very bald (which claymed a veneration); and sayd he never tooke cold in his head, but that the greatest trouble was to keepe-off the flies from pitching on the baldnes.

He had a good eie, and that of a hazell colour, which was full of life and spirit. When he was earnest in discourse, there shone (as it were) a bright live-coale within it.

As he had an harmonicall soule, so he was no woman-hater, neither had he an abhorrescence to good wine. But he never was, nor could not endure to be, habitually a good fellow, *i.e.* to drinke every day wine with company, which spoiles the braine.

After dinner he tooke a pipe of tobacco, and then threw himselfe immediately on his bed, with his band off, and tooke a nap of about halfe an howre.

—JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives*

OCT.

6

TUE.

That man is unhappy indeed, who in all his life has had no glimpse of perfection, who in the ecstasy of love, or in the delight of contemplation, has never been able to say: It is attained. Such moments of inspiration are the source of the arts, which have no higher function than to renew them.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA, *The Sense of Beauty*

OCT.

7

WED.

One wonders that the fathers of the town are not out to see what the trees mean by their high colors and exuberance of spirits, fearing that some mischief is brewing. I do not see what the Puritans did at that season when the maples blazed out in scarlet.

—THOREAU'S *Journal*, Oct. 7, 1857

OCT.

8

THU.

People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with bad. In these sentences that you show me, I can find no beauty, for I see death in every clause and every word. There is a fossil or a mummy character which pervades this book. I like gardens and nurseries. Give me initiative, spermatic, prophesying, man-making words.

—EMERSON'S *Journal*, 1841

OCT.



FRI.

If we have "stuck" in a book, or if we have simply forgotten to go on with it, we ought to have the courage of our personal experience, and never be enthusiastic about that book again. For us there is something vitally wrong about that book, whatever its reputation. So doing, we should perform a useful sanitary function in literature. Many dead books remain unburied and offend the air simply because we dishonestly pretend that they are alive and kicking.

—ARNOLD BENNETT, *Things That
Have Interested Me*

OCT.

IO

SAT.

Is an exposition of the problem of life impossible in words?

Yes; because finite forms, to which both thought and language belong, cannot give expression to the Eternal, which has neither beginning nor end. Wherever the attempt has been made it has but led to vain speculations, meaningless statements, disputes, misconceptions, and often even to war, murder, and cruelty of every sort. Instead of arriving at truth, salvation, and unity, the result has always been error, suffering, and disaster. Upon questions such as these the Buddha was silent.

—SUBHADRA BHIKSHU, *A Buddhist Catechism*

OCT.

II

SUN.

Permit me a few words respecting *conversation with ladies*. In general association with the fairest ornaments of creation, *agreeability*, rather than profundity, should be your aim in the choice of topics. *Playfulness, cheerfulness, versatility, and courtesy* should characterize colloquial intercourse with ladies; but the deference due them should never degenerate into mere servile acquiescence. All slang phrases, everything approaching to *double entendre*, all familiarity of address, are inadmissible.

—*The American Gentleman's Guide to Politeness* (1857)

OCT. **I 2** MON.

A whale ship was my Yale College and my Harvard.

—HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby Dick*

OCT.

13

TUE.

This is what I believe:

That my soul is a dark forest.

That my known self will never be more than a little clearing in the forest.

That gods, strange gods, come forth from the forest into the clearing of my known self, and then go back.

That I must have the courage to let them come and go.

That I will try always to recognize and submit to the gods in me and the gods in other men and women.

—D. H. LAWRENCE, *Studies in Classic American Literature*

OCT.

14

WED.

The heart of man is of it selfe but little, yet great things cannot fill it: it is not big enough at one meale to satisfie a bird, and yet the whole world cannot satisfie it.

—THOMAS DEKKER, *Four Birds of
Noahs Arke* (1609)

OCT.

15

THU.

Méfiez-vous, cher ami, of the large number of women who are barristers in butterflies' clothing. A woman not in love is as logical as the French.

—ELIZABETH BIBESCO, *A Lesson
to a Gentleman*

OCT.

16

FRI.

Between thirty and forty, one is distracted by the
Five Lusts;

Between seventy and eighty, one is a prey to a
hundred diseases.

But from fifty to sixty, one is free from all ills;
Calm and still—the heart enjoys rest.

I have put behind me Love and Greed; I have
done with Profit and Fame;

Strength of limb I still possess to seek the rivers
and hills;

Still my heart has spirit enough to listen to flutes
and strings.

At leisure I open new wine and taste several
cups;

Drunken I recall old poems and sing a whole
volume.

—PO CHU-I (A.D. 772-846)
(translated by Arthur Waley)

OCT.

I 7

SAT.

Amid coarse or illiterate speech one often catches a dignified old English phrase in the mouth of the folk. When a woman is going to bear a baby, the doctor says she is pregnant; the lower middle-class speaks of her as enceinte (and pronounces the word wrongly); the nurse alludes to her as in the family way; a stone-breaker once told me, simply and beautifully, that his wife was with child.

—EDEN PHILLPOTTS, *A Shadow Passes*

OCT.

18

SUN.

Ah, when to the heart of man
Seemed it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
To yield with a grace to reason
And bow and accept the end
Of a love, or a season?

—ROBERT FROST, *Reluctance*

OCT. 19 MON.

Mathematics takes us still further from what is human, into the region of absolute necessity, to which not only the actual world, but every possible world, must conform; and here it builds a habitation, or rather finds a habitation eternally standing, where our ideals are fully satisfied and our best hopes are not thwarted. It is only when we thoroughly understand the entire independence of ourselves, which belongs to this world that reason finds, that we can adequately realize the profound importance of its beauty.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL, *The Study of Mathematics*

OCT. 20 TUE.

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *Songs of Experience*

OCT.

21

WED.

How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To maintain this ecstasy is success in life. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gift: some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.

—WALTER PATER, *The Renaissance*

OCT. 22 THU.

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it immensely.

—OSCAR WILDE, Preface to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*

OCT.

23

FRI.

Il m'a troublé comme un enfant
ton rendez-vous au téléphone. . . .
Elle avait dû, ta pauvre voix,
parcourir d'une seule haleine
des collines, des champs, des plaines,
des villes, passer sous des bois,
longer des fleuves et des routes. . . .
Et c'était pour cela, sans doute
qu'elle m'arrivait, cette voix,
Si changée, si diminuée. . . .

—PAUL GERALDY, *Toi et Moi*

OCT. 24 SAT.

He was a comely personage, a little above just stature, well and straight limbed, but slender. His countenance was reverend, and a little like a churchman: and as it was not strange or dark, so neither was it winning or pleasing, but as the face of one well disposed. But it was to the disadvantage of the painter, for it was best when he spake.

—LORD BACON, *History of King Henry VII.*

OCT.

25

SUN.

Une femme sage ne se donne jamais la première fois par rendez-vous. Ce doit être un bonheur imprévu.

—STENDHAL, *De l'Amour*

OCT. 26 MON.

In the spiritual world no one is permitted to think and will in one way and speak and act in another.

—EMANUEL SWEDENBORG (1688-1772)

OCT. 27 TUE.

Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very centre of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL, *A Free Man's
Worship* (1902)

OCT.

28

WED.

To the theatre, and there saw *Argalus and Parthenia*.
A woman come afterwards on the stage in men's
clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I
was very well pleased.

—PEPYS'S *Diary*, Oct. 28, 1661

OCT. 29 THU.

There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion.

—LORD BACON, *Of Beauty*

OCT.

30

FRI.

When partaking of anything too nearly approaching a liquid to be eaten with a fork, as stewed tomato, *sop* it with small pieces of bread. Never take up large bones in the fingers, nor bite Indian corn from a mammoth ear. Should you have occasion for a tooth-pick, hold your napkin, or your hand, before your mouth while applying it, and on no account resort to the *perceptible* assistance of the tongue in freeing the mouth or teeth from food.

—*The American Gentleman's Guide
to Politeness* (1857)

OCT.

31

SAT.

Alas, what is terrible is not the skeletons, but the fact that I am no longer terrified by them.

—*Notebook of* ANTON CHEKHOV

NOV.

I

SUN.

Besides the autumn poets sing,
A few prosaic days
A little this side of the snow
And that side of the haze.

A few incisive mornings,
A few ascetic eves—
Gone Mr. Bryant's goldenrod,
And Mr. Thomson's sheaves.

Perhaps a squirrel may remain,
My sentiments to share.
Grant me, O Lord, a sunny mind,
Thy windy will to bear!

—EMILY DICKINSON, *November*

NOV.

2

MON.

Remember the nightingales which sing onely some moneths in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatch'd their egges, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones. Yet all the molestations of Marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.

—THOMAS FULLER, *The Holy State* (1642)

NOV.

3

TUE.

How ruinous a farm hath man taken, in taking himself! How ready is the house every day to fall down, and how is all the ground overspread with weeds, all the body with diseases; where not only every muscle of the flesh, but every bone of the body hath some infirmity; every tooth in our head such a pain as a constant man is afraid of, and yet ashamed of that fear. How dear and how often a rent doth man pay for his farm! He pays twice a day, in double meals, and how little time he hath to raise his rent! Every day is half holiday, half spent in sleep.

—JOHN DONNE, *Devotions* (1624)

NOV.

4

WED.

Everybody knows that hot rum and water is sovereign for a cold, but perhaps everybody does not know exactly how the remedy should be applied. You must take it in bed; premature consumption merely wastes the good creature. It should be made as hot as you can drink it, not too sweet, but so strong that you sink back at once on the pillow, resigning the glass to the ready hands of a sympathizing bedside attendant, preferably feminine.

—GEORGE SAINTSBURY, *Notes on a
Cellar Book*

NOV.

5

THU.

. . . Furious Propaganda, with her brand,
Fires the dry prairies of our wide Waste Land;
Making the earth, man's temporal station, be
One stinking altar to Publicity.
Touts from the house-tops bawl their wares
abroad,
From Sex to Service, Cigarettes to God;
These bang the drum and those the cymbals
clash
For Righteousness and Comfort, Christ and
Cash;
While, crowding through dull booths for trade
designed,
All dead to Shame, and moribund to Mind,
Science and Art turn mountebanks and shriek
"*This way for Beauty! Truth is cheap this
week!*"

—LEE WILSON DODD, *An Epistle to
Alexander Pope* (1927)

NOV.

6

FRI.

The darksome Statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow

He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad Eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.

—HENRY VAUGHAN, *Silex Scintillans* (1650)

NOV.

7

SAT.

One day Soshi was walking on the bank of a river with a friend. "How delightfully the fishes are enjoying themselves in the water!" exclaimed Soshi. His friend spake to him thus: "You are not a fish; how do you know that the fishes are enjoying themselves?" "You are not myself," returned Soshi; "how do you know that I do not know that the fishes are enjoying themselves?"

—OKAKURA KAKUZO, *The Book of Tea*

NOV.

8

SUN.

Non sunt ad coelum elevandae manus nec exorandus aedituus, ut nos ad aurem simulacri, quasi magis exaudiri possimus, admittat. Prope est a te deus, tecum est, intus est. Sacer intra nos spiritus sedet, malorum bonorumque nostrorum observator et custos.

[It is vain to raise hands toward heaven or to beg the sexton to admit us to the ear of the image, as though we might thus be heard the better. God is near thee, he is beside thee, he is within thee. The holy spirit lives inside ourselves, observer and guardian of our good and ill.]

—SENECA, *Epistles*

NOV.

9

MON.

Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were
hurled:

*Truth like a bastard comes into the world
Never without ill-fame to him who gives her
birth.*

—THOMAS HARDY, *Lausanne: In Gibbon's
Old Garden* (1897)

NOV.

IO

TUE.

The artist usually sets out—or used to—to point a moral and adorn a tale. The tale, however, points the other way, as a rule. Two blankly opposing morals, the artist's and the tale's. Never trust the artist. Trust the tale. The proper function of a critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it.

—D. H. LAWRENCE

NOV.

II

WED.

Cider-apples furnish one of the most cogent arguments to prove that Providence had the production of alcoholic liquors directly in its eye.

—GEORGE SAINTSBURY, *Notes on a
Cellar Book*

NOV.

12

THU.

Man is perishable. That may be; but let us perish resisting, and if it is only nothingness that awaits us let us act so that it will be an injustice.

—ETIENNE DE SENANCOUR, *Obermann*.

NOV.

13

FRI.

Dilke pleases himself with the idea that America will be the country to take up the human intellect where England leaves off—I differ there with him greatly—A country like the United States, whose greatest men are Franklins and Washingtons will never do that. . . . If I had a prayer to make for any great good, it should be that one of your children should be the first American Poet.

—JOHN KEATS, *Letter to his brother
in America* (1818)

NOV.

14

SAT.

What America imports from Europe is useless to her. It is torn from its roots; and it is idle to replant it; it will not grow. There must be a native growth, not so much of America as of the modern era. That growth America must will. She has her prophet of it, Walt Whitman. In the coming centuries it is her work to make his vision real.

—G. LOWES DICKINSON, *Appearances*
(1914)

NOV.

15

SUN.

The morning is the only proper time for me to write to a beautiful Girl whom I love so much: for at night, when the lonely day has closed, then I would not have you see those Rhapsodies which I once thought it impossible I should ever give way to. . . . I know before night I shall curse myself for having sent you so cold a Letter.

—JOHN KEATS, *Letter to Fanny Brawne*

NOV.

16

MON.

Words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

—HOBBS, *Leviathan*

NOV.

17

TUE.

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.
Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

He who has suffer'd you to impose on him, knows you.

Where man is not, nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and
not be believed.

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *Proverbs of Hell*

NOV.

18

WED.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

He was a tall, handsome, and bold man: but he was damnable proud.

He tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formall persons were scandalized at, but I thinke twas well and properly donne, to settle his spirits.

His booke (*History of the World*) sold very slowly at first, and the bookeseller complayned of it, and told him that he should be a loser by it, which put Sir W. into a passion; the second part he tooke and threw into the fire.

—JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives*

NOV.

19

THU.

EXCELLENT MINCED PYES. Parboil Neats-tongues. Then Peel and hash them with as much as they weigh of Beef-suet, and stoned Raisins and picked Currents. Chop all exceeding small, that it be like Pap. Employ therein at least an hour more, then ordinarily is used. Then mingle a very little Sugar with them, and a little wine, and thrust in up and down some thin slices of green Candyed Citron-peel. And put this into coffins of fine light well reared crust. Half an hour baking will be enough. If you strew a few comfits on the top, it will not be amiss.

—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *The Closet
Opened* (1669)

NOV.

20

FRI.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.
Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

—BEN KING, *The Pessimist*

NOV.

21

SAT.

DR. WILLIAM HARVEY

He did delight to be in the darke, and told me he could then best contemplate. He had a house at Combe, in Surrey, where he had caves made in the earth, in which in summer time he delighted to meditate.

He was wont to say that man was but a great mischievous baboon.

He would say, that we Europaeans knew not how to governe our women, and that the Turkes were the only people used them wisely.

He kept a pretty young wench to wayte on him, which I guess he made use of for warmth-sake as King David did, and took care of her in his will.

I have heard him say, that after his booke of the Circulation of the Blood came out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that twas beleevd by the vulgar that he was crack-brained.

—JOHN AUBREY, *Brief Lives*

NOV. 22 SUN.

A Gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usuall journey, they began to be weary, and joyntly cried to him to carry them; which because of their multitude he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nagges for them, and a great stake as a gelding for himself, thus mounted Phancie put mettall into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

—THOMAS FULLER, *The Holy State* (1642)

NOV.

23

MON.

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers, that they carry out boats; or winds, that they be favoring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not.

—BEN JONSON, *Sylva*

NOV.

24

TUE.

I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside—candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without. . . . Start, therefore, at the first week of November: thence to the end of January, Christmas Eve being the meridian line, you may compute the period when happiness is in season, which in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray.

—DE QUINCEY, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*

NOV.

25

WED.

The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with Beauty and Truth.

—JOHN KEATS, *Letter to George Keats*

NOV.

26

THU.

Come, let us drink the apple-jack!
Cut the tough lemon with the blade;
Hot let the water then be made;
Then gently pour the liquor; then
Sift the white sugar in with care,
And mix them all as gingerly
As poets mingle rhythmic feet
To print in some æsthetic sheet:
So we mix the apple-jack.

—GEORGE ARNOLD, *Songs of the
Apple Tree* (1900)

NOV.

27

FRI.

Endured an hour's torture of indecision tonight asking myself whether I should go over to ask her to be my wife or should I go to the Fabian Society and hear Bernard Shaw. Kept putting off the decision even till after dinner . . . found myself slowly, mournfully putting on hat and coat. I concluded I had decided on Shaw.

Shaw bored me. He is mid-Victorian.

—BARBELLION's *Journal*, 1914

NOV.

28

SAT.

Love is a thing to be *learned*. It is a difficult, complex maintenance of individual integrity throughout the incalculable processes of inter-human polarity. Four powerful circuits possible between two individuals, and each of the four circuits to be established to perfection and yet maintained in pure equilibrium with all the others. Who can do it? Nobody. Yet we have all got to do it, or else suffer ascetic tortures of starvation and privation or of distortion and overstrain and slow collapse into corruption. The whole of life is one long, blind effort at an established polarity with the outer universe, human and non-human; and the whole of modern life is a shrieking failure. It is our own fault.

—D. H. LAWRENCE, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (1921)

NOV. 29 SUN.

In this imperfect, gloomy scene
Of complicated ill,
How rarely is a day serene,
The throbbing bosom still!
Will not a beauteous landscape bright
Or music's soothing sound,
Console the heart, afford delight,
And throw sweet peace around?
They may; but never comfort lend
Like an Accomplished Female Friend!

—REV. CORNELIUS WHAURR (quoted
by E. V. Lucas)

NOV.

30

MON.

She would have made a splendid wife, for crying only made her eyes more bright and tender.

—O. HENRY, *Options*

DEC.

I

TUE.

More true knowledge comes by meditation than by reading; for much reading is an oppression of the mind, and extinguishes the natural candle, which is the reason of so many senseless scholars in the world.

—WILLIAM PENN, *Advice to His Children* (1699)

DEC.

2

WED.

The art of life is to be so well known at a good restaurant that you can pay by cheque.

—E. V. LUCAS, *Over Bemerton's*

DEC.

3

THU.

I'ayme bien autant veoir Brutus chez Plutarque que chez luy mesme: ie choisirois plustost de sçavoir au vray les devis qu'il tenoit en sa tente à quelqu'un de ses privez amis, la veille d'une bataille, que les propos qu'il teint le lendemain à son armee.

—MONTAIGNE, *Essais*

DEC.

4

FRI.

The fansie is seated in the very hollow of the brain; which of necessity must be the place and receptacle where the species and similitudes of things doe reside, and where they are moved and tumbled up and down, when we think of many things. The situation we put our head in, when we think earnestly of any thing, favoureth this opinion: for then we hang our head forwards, forcing the specieses to settle towards our forehead.

—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *A Treatise of Bodies* (1658)

DEC.

5

SAT.

No one should ever go a journey with any other than him with whom one walks arm in arm, in the evening, the twilight, and agrees that if either should have a son he shall be named after the other. Walking in the gathering dusk, two and two, since the world began, there have always been young men who have thus to one another plighted their troth. If one is not still one of these, then, in the sense here used, journeys are over for him. What is left to him of life he may enjoy, but not journeys.

—ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY,
Walking-Stick Papers

DEC.

6

SUN.

To write weekly, to write daily, to write shortly, to write for busy people catching trains in the morning or for tired people coming home in the evening, is a heartbreaking task for men who know good writing from bad. They do it, but instinctively draw out of harm's way anything precious that might be damaged by contact with the public, or anything sharp that might irritate its skin.

—VIRGINIA WOOLF, *The Common Reader*

DEC.

7

MON.

Two evils, monstrous either one apart,
Possessed me, and were long and loath at going:
A cry of Absence, Absence, in the heart,
And in the wood the furious winter blowing.

Dear love, these fingers that had known your touch,
And tied our separate forces first together,
Were ten poor idiot fingers not worth much,
Ten frozen parsnips hanging in the weather.

—JOHN CROWE RANSOM, *Winter
Remembered*

DEC.

8

TUE.

That man was the most talented conniver at stratagems I ever saw. Whenever he saw a dollar in another man's hands he took it as a personal grudge, if he couldn't take it any other way.

—O. HENRY, *The Gentle Grafter*

DEC.

9

WED.

Take especial care that thou delight not in wine; for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and maketh a man contemptible.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *Instructions to Posterity*

DEC. **IO** THU.

Hard is his Lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild Vicissitudes of Taste;
With ev'ry Meteor of Caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown Bubbles of the Day.
Ah! let not Censure term our Fate our Choice,
The Stage but echoes back the publick Voice.
The Drama's Laws the Drama's Patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

—Prologue spoken by MR. GARRICK,
Drury Lane, 1747

DEC.

II

FRI.

If there is any appalling and spiritually murderous sensation on earth, it is the knowledge that on a certain date or at a given time and place you have got to be somewhere doing some set, prescribed, definite thing. This winter we shall keep our horizon perfectly, absolutely, crystallinely open, ready every day for the scouring gales of impulse.

—JOHN MISTLETOE's *Journal*, 1923

DEC.

12

SAT.

Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but
self expect applause

He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps
his self-made laws.

All other Life is living Death, a world where none
but Phantoms dwell,

A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the
camel-bell.

—SIR RICHARD BURTON, *The Kasidah*

DEC.

13

SUN.

He was unwilling that I should leave him; and when I looked at my watch, and told him it was twelve o'clock, he cried "What's that to you and me?" and ordered Frank to tell Mrs. Williams that we were coming to drink tea with her, which we did . . . he every night drank tea with her, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This was not alone a proof of his regard for *her*, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose.

—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*

DEC.

14

MON.

I camped with a herd one night at the old LX Ranch, just north of Amarillo in '98, and they showed us an old forked tree where some old Bronc had bucked you into. Why, that to us was like looking at the Shrine of Shakespeare to some of these "deep foreheads."

—WILL ROGERS, Letter to Charles A. Siringo,
author of *Riata and Spurs*

DEC.

15

TUE.

Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders,
than from the arguments of its opposers.

—WILLIAM PENN, *Fruits of Solitude* (1693)

DEC.

16

WED.

Children should be instructed in some useful things not only for their usefulness but also because many other sorts of knowledge are acquired through them. They may be taught drawing not in order that they may not be imposed upon in the buying or selling of articles, but because it makes them judges of the beauty of the human form. To be always seeking after the useful does not become free and exalted souls.

—ARISTOTLE, *Politics*

DEC.

17

THU.

To the same enthusiastic sensibilities which made a fool of him with regard to his Emma, his country owed the victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

—COLERIDGE on LORD NELSON; quoted by
J. L. LOWES in that glorious book *The
Road to Xanadu*

DEC.

18

FRI.

A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.

—WILLIAM BLAKE, *Auguries of
Innocence*

DEC.

19

SAT.

The truth is, very few can be trusted with an education. The best to be said of any knowing one is that he does not readily show what deeps are in him; that he is unformidable, and reminds whomever he meets of a distant or deceased uncle. Initiation into noble facts has not ruined him for this world nor the other.

—LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, *Patrins*

DEC. 20 SUN.

His death has eclipsed the gaiety of nations and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

—DR. JOHNSON, *on Garrick*

DEC.

21

MON.

Our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature; laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it; laughter hath only a scornful tickling.

—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *The Defense
of Poesy* (1595)

DEC.

22

TUE.

Then in my bed I bound my tired eyes
To make a darkness for my weary brain;
But like a presence you were there again.
Being and real, beautiful and wise,
So that I could not sleep, and cried aloud,
“You strange grave thing, what is it you would say?”

—JOHN MASEFIELD, *Lollington Downs*

DEC.

23

WED.

No one can be redeemed by another. No God and no saint is able to shield a man from the consequences of his evil doings. Every one of us must become his own redeemer.

—SUBHADRA BHIKSHU, *A Buddhist Catechism*

DEC. 24 THU.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
The Celestial Surgeon

DEC.

25

FRI.

In this Christmas night all the other Christmas nights of my life live. How warm, breathing, full of myself is the year 1862, now almost gone! How bare, cheerless, unknown, the year 1863, about to come in! Looking forward into an empty year strikes one with a certain awe, because one finds therein no recognition. The years behind have a friendly aspect, and they are warmed by the fires we have kindled, and all their echoes are the echoes of our own voices.

—ALEXANDER SMITH, *Dreamthorpe*

DEC.

26

SAT.

Where there are no humane and stable relations, no reverence for the past, no respect even for the present, but only a cupidinous ravishment of the future, there, we think, there is no true society. With you (so it seems to us) economic relations come first, and upon these you endeavor, afterward, to graft as much morality as they will admit.

—G. LOWES DICKINSON, *Letters from a Chinese Official* (1903)

DEC.

27

SUN.

His laws, whoso marks them well, are deep, and not vulgar; not made upon the spur of a particular occasion for the present, but out of providence of the future, to make the estate of his people still more and more happy; after the manner of the legislators in ancient and heroical times.

—LORD BACON, *History of King Henry VII.*

DEC.

28

MON.

On reproche aux gens de parler d'eux-mêmes. C'est pourtant le sujet qu'ils traitent le mieux.

—ANATOLE FRANCE, *La Vie Littéraire*

DEC.

29

TUE.

There is something very charming in an ancient snowstorm. The weather has varied almost as much in the course of generations as mankind. The snow of those days (1808) was more formally shaped and a good deal softer than the snow of ours, just as an eighteenth-century cow was no more like our cows than she was like the florid and fiery cows of Elizabethan pastures. Sufficient attention has hardly been paid to this aspect of literature.

—VIRGINIA WOOLF, *The Common Reader*

DEC.

30

WED.

ORION

Truly, we children of the Plough, but for yon tremendous Monitor in the sky, were in right case to forget that the Hunter is still a quantity to reckon withal. Where, then, does he hide, the Shaker of the Spear? Why, here, my brother, and here; deep in the breasts of each and all of us. And this drop of primal quicksilver in the blood, what poppy or mandragora shall purge it hence away?

And the Hunter, there he rises, couchant no more. Nay, flung full stretch on the blue, he blazes, he dominates, he appals! Will his turn, then, really come at last? Look up and behold him confident, erect, majestic—there on the threshold of the sky!

—KENNETH GRAHAME, *Pagan Papers* (1893)

DEC.

31

THU.

I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me.

Many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

—JOHN BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*

THE
JOHN DAY



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